THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"LOVE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JOHN COLLINS.

True love is like a mountain stream
  Down rushing in its glorious might,
Now, smiling in the sunny gleam,
  Now, deep in shadow, lost to sight.
Fed by the dews and virgin snow,
  Unsoiled by foot of living thing,
To woods and hills and vales below,
  Its waters richest blessings bring.

Still widening as it onward pours,
  Nor rock nor mound its course can stay,
In foaming cataracts it roars,
  Or winds through plains its devious way.
To haunts of men or desert wastes
  Alike it bears its tribute free;
Still deeper rolls along—then hastes
  To mingle with the boundless sea.

Pure as the first warm breath of spring,
  Fragrant with scent of earliest flowers,
But dearer far the blossoming
  Of true love in our childhood's hours.
Unseen may be the growing tie,
  Untold the passion in the breast,
But faltering words and kindling eye
  Will tell the tale of sore unrest.

A word—a look that spell may break,
  Blending two hearts for aye in one,
Each living for the other's sake
  In calm or storm till life is done,
Gently, as slopes the mountain side
  To meet the wide-extended vale,
Still blessed and blessing, on they glide,
  Though health and strength and hopes may fail.

And deeper yet affection flows,
  As the swift-circling years go by,
Brightly, as placid water glows
  With purest colors of the sky.
Thus, verging towards life's solemn main,
  Their home on earth—their hopes above—
Parted awhile, they meet again
  In happier climes where "God is Love."

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MOREland," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST FLIGHT AND CAPTURE.

"Hist!" whispered Henry, to his trembling companion, as he reached out and drew his rifle from the old tree against which it was leaning; "not a sound above your breath! Yet do not be too much alarmed, for I am almost certain I was not discovered; and if so, we are as safe here as if a mile away. Remain perfectly quiet here, dear Isaline, and let me creep forward and reconnoitre."

"Oh, Henry, you will not leave me! I must go with you!"

"Follow me, then, but so cautiously as not to snap the smallest twig, for these savages have very sharp ears, and I tremble to think what would be your doom should anything occur to betray our presence here."

We have said the island was thickly covered with trees and bushes; but the whole space was small; and from the spot where Henry first discovered the Indians, to the point where he could look out through a close covert upon the open grove of the main land, was only a few yards—though so great was his caution that he was comparatively a long time in reaching it.

When at length he did get there, he saw that which not only made him shudder, but awakened the most strange and conflicting emotions—for there, on the very spot where he had stopped with his fair companion to gaze around upon the beauties of the place, stood six hideously painted savages and three white men—one of the latter being no other than his long lost foe, Charles Hampton, the second Methoto, and the third the villain who had attempted to decoy himself and companions ashore on the Ohio.

A thousand thoughts rushed whirling through his brain in a moment. Hampton then was not dead, but had managed to join the Indians, and perhaps had incited them to follow the train in the hope of finding some opportunity of attacking it at advantage, and of carrying out his own wicked purpose of obtaining revenge and getting possession of Isaline. It was natural to conjecture that they had observed where two horses had turned off from the main body the day before, and that a part of them at least had followed that trail, and it might be that the storm had saved himself and companion from immediate capture. It was unnecessary to imagine what movements had been made subsequently, since it was clear enough that this party had got upon their trail after the loss of the horses, and that nothing but the darkness had again saved them from the hands of their enemies. At daylight of the present morning it was probable these savages had again discovered their trail and rapidly pursued it to Methoto's cabin, where the white Indian, conversing with them in their own language, had undoubtedly given them all the information in his possession, and had then willingly joined them in the pursuit.

So much for the past, but what of the future? It was terrible to contemplate! Henry saw that he and Isaline were already cut off from their companions, whom they had so fondly hoped to join soon, and what chance of escape had they now? The thought of their present condition made him shudder; and yet he felt grateful to that kind Providence which had so wonderfully preserved them thus far, and even here had caused them to turn aside and perhaps be saved from the capture that would have ensued had they continued their flight.

All these thoughts went through the brain of Henry almost at a flash as his eyes rested upon the terrible group before him. For some cause the whole party had halted upon the very spot where he and Isaline had stopped scarcely more than an hour before, but evidently not like him to admire the surrounding beauties. The Indians were speaking together in the thick, guttural tones of their native tongue, and gesticulating rapidly, almost fiercely; and the white men were standing a little apart and looking at them—two of them evidently listening understandingly, and Hampton noting the debate or dispute with the interest of one concerned in the issue. Of what they said, Henry of course knew nothing; but from their gestures, he judged that the majority were for continuing the pursuit, and one or two were for turning back. If so, the counsels of the former evidently prevailed—for suddenly the whole group of Indians sprung forward along the trail, and the white men as quickly followed.

Henry now turned back to Isaline, who had stopped a couple of paces behind him; and his face was so white, and his look so full of distress and dismay, that she involuntarily clasped her hands and gasped:

"What is it?"

"Did you see, dear Isaline?"

"No, nothing—I dared not creep up near enough—but I heard strange voices."

"Charles Hampton, Methoto, and the white decoy, are united with six Indians in pursuit of us!"

"Merciful God!"

"They have gone forward on our trail, but they will soon find where it ceases, and then I fear they will suspect the truth and begin a search of this island."

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" gasped Isaline, pressing her hands upon her heart, with a look of terrible despair.

For a few moments Henry seemed lost in distracting thought.

"It must be done!" he at length said, in a startling whisper; "there is no other hope!"

Isaline looked the question her lips did not pronounce.

"Should the Indians come back here to make a search, as I believe they will, there is no place on this island where we could long escape their keen eyes!" pursued Henry; "and if we were to fly now, and get off without being discovered, they would soon be upon our fresh trail and overtake us!"

"Then we are lost!" gasped Isaline."

"One only hope remains; but it is a desperate risk, and will require all your courage—all your nerve!"

"Speak! what is it?"

"You must place your life in my hands, and with me leap into the rushing waters, and let them bear us downward wherever God wills! Are you prepared for the terrible venture?"

"Yes, my dear friend!" hurriedly answered Isaline; "I will do whatever you advise! I will commend my soul to God, and trust all to Him and you!"

"If you will only remain passively in the water, and not clutch me convulsively and encumber my limbs, I think I can guide you safely to the shore: if not, dear Isaline, at least I will perish with you"

"Oh, no, no, Henry, my dear friend!" returned Isaline, with the self-sacrifice of a noble soul; "do not give up your own life; but if you find you cannot save both, at least save yourself!"

"Isaline," rejoined Henry, fairly trembling with the excess of various contending emotions, "I receive your counsel in the spirit it is meant, and therefore forgive you; but oh! you do not know me, do not comprehend my feelings, or such words would never have been spoken! To give you up now, is more than to give up life itself; to see you perish now, would be to see the beauties, the joys, the glories of the world swept away forever!—to see the brightness of existence become a rayless gloom! But, come! come! we are wasting precious time! wasting moments on which our very salvation may depend! Ah, Heaven have mercy! hark to that yell! Our foes have discovered that our trail no longer leads that way, and they will soon be back here in search of us! Quick, quick, dear Isaline! gather all your nerve for the great trial, and follow me, for life or for death!"

He hurriedly crept back through the bushes, (fearing to stand upright lest he should be discovered,) to the edge of the rushing, roaring stream, and Isaline closely followed him. Then came the thought of Methoto's rifle—how was he to dispose of that! To attempt carrying it in his hand, would be to endanger the life of his sweet companion; to leave it, or sink it in the stream, would almost be to give up the hope of procuring food to live on in the event of escape, to say nothing of losing the means of defence. A moment of rapid thought, and he determined on lashing it to his back. He regretted it was loaded, for the charge in it would become wet and difficult to remove, and to fire it off now would be almost certain to bring the Indians directly upon the spot. There was no time for delay—whatever he would do he must do quickly—and having decided upon his plan, he forthwith carried it into execution. Fortunately he had a small cord in the pocket of his hunting frock, and with this and his belt, his own nimble hands, and the trembling fingers of Isaline working under his direction, he soon had his rifle secured in the manner he intended.

All was now prepared for the perilous undertaking before him—the committing of himself and sweet charge to the mercy of God in the dark, turbid waters of the river rushing along at their feet; and taking a hand of the pallid, shuddering girl in his, he solemnly asked:

"Are you ready, dear one, for the fearful trial for life or for death?"

"As ready now, dear friend, as I ever may be!" came from her ashy lips. "To your care, dear Henry, under God, I commit myself, for time or for eternity!"

"And may the good God continue His mercies to us!" he prayed. "Leap!"

They both sprung forward together; and down they went, with a sullen plunge, into the rapid stream, the dark waters for a moment closing over them with a triumphant gurgle.

Henry was a good swimmer, and his presence of mind did not desert him; but Isaline gasped, and struggled, and clutched wildly hold of him, in a manner that required all his strength and skill to save them both from a watery grave. He was equal to the emergency, however, and soon had her in a position where she could do him no harm; and then, as they went floating down on the bosom of the current, he gave his whole attention to keeping her head above water, and avoiding a collision with the rocks, trees and obstructions along the shore. Once he made a desperate effort to swim over to the opposite bank; but finding the attempt too perilous, he quickly abandoned it, and confined himself only to what was prudent and safe. With one hand firmly holding Isaline, he found he could use his other limbs to advantage in swimming forward somewhat faster than the current carried them; and seeing a large drift-log a few yards ahead of him, he made strenuous exertions to reach it, and finally succeeded. From that moment he felt that the danger of the water was past; and when the first bend of the river was turned, so that the savages above could not possibly see them, he began to breathe freer, and once more to have hope. He soon managed to get Isaline fairly upon the log and himself by her side, and then he had only to preserve a proper balance and let the current carry them forward.

In this way they floated on downward for something like a mile, when they came to a wild, romantic spot, where the river narrowed and the banks were steep and high, with trees and bushes growing down to the water and reaching far out over it.

"Perhaps, dear Isaline," he said, "we shall find no better place for landing than this. Here is a noble thicket, in which to conceal ourselves and rest; and by climbing into the thick branches of some of these trees, I do not think that the sharp eyes of our enemies would be able to discover us, even should they come searching down the bank of the river."

"Do as you think best, my dear friend," she replied, in a low, sweet tone, expressive of the most unbounded confidence in him, her guide and protector. "I am only too thankful to you, under God, for our present escape, and shall trust everything to your discretion and judgment."

"God bless you, dear lady!" he rejoined, with passionate warmth; "and if I may only be permitted to save you from these awful perils of the wilderness, and restore you to the arms of your honored father, I shall then see the happiest moments of my eventful existence!"

"Oh, my dear, dear father!" exclaimed Isaline, bursting into tears; "shall I ever behold him again?"

"I have great hope now," replied Henry; "for if we can only succeed in eluding these savages a while longer, they will certainly give up the search. Doubtless they would have done so long ere this, but for the promptings of that fiend incarnate, who is seeking you for a wicked purpose."

"You allude to Charles Hampton?" said Isaline, with a shudder.

"Yes! I think him, in this case, the master spirit of evil! How he chanced to fall in with that other treacherous villain, I cannot imagine, unless he purposely sought refuge among the Indians after his wild flight that night in the forest; but unquestionably the two have found themselves congenial souls in deeds of darkness."

"But is it not strange the Indians have not made him a close prisoner?"

"Not if he voluntarily fled to them for protection, claiming to be an Englishman and hating their foes—which, through the decoy acting as interpreter, he could readily make them understand. The red man has his policy as well as the white, and seldom fails to encourage, by kind treatment and even promotion, desertions to himself from his enemies—for these, to a certain extent, weaken the latter, and materially aid him in getting his revenge."

"And after all, it seems his shrieking pursuer—the dread Demon or Phantom—did not destroy him, as the scouts were fain to believe!"

"No, would to Heaven it had! or that I had kept my first purpose and sent a ball through him!"

"Better for your future peace of mind, Henry, that you did not!" rejoined Isaline. "I hold that we have no right to take human life except in self-defence; and though he treacherously fired at you, yet after the ball had missed its mark you were no longer in deadly peril from him."

"Not then perhaps, but I may be now, or hereafter; and what is more, dear Isaline, you may be also!" said Henry, in a tone that showed he was far from being satisfied with matters as they were.

While thus conversing, the young artist had not been unmindful of his design of landing in that wild retreat; and having now floated under a tree that he fancied would best serve his purpose, he reached up, took hold of a limb, and drew the log in to the shore.

"Up in these branches, dear Isaline," he said, "I think we can rest in safety; and, if possible, I wish you to climb into them without touching a foot on land, that there may be no mark left below to betray us in case the Indians should come down through here searching for us."

With some assistance from him, Isaline succeeded in gaining the body of the tree, and the next minute Henry was himself by her side. It did seem to them then, as they looked upon the matted leaves below them, with scarcely a spot where their sight could penetrate through the foliage and rank vegetation to the earth beneath, that they had at last reached a place of absolute safety for whatever time they might choose to remain there. Of course their clothes were wet through and clinging to them in a manner not the most pleasant; but fortunately the air was warm and would not chill them, and they were too grateful for their deliverance, and had too much matter for serious consideration, to bestow even a thought upon such trifles.

Henry now examined his powder-horn, and found to his satisfaction that the contents were perfectly dry. He next unfastened his rifle and examined that. It had been submerged so long that the powder in the pan, and probably that in the barrel also, was soaked through, and all about it was still dripping wet.

"I shall have trouble in getting out this charge," he said.

He proceeded to wipe the lock, and clean out the wet powder from the pan and fill it with dry.

"Perhaps by flashing this off a few times," he again remarked, as if rather thinking aloud than addressing his companion, "the powder inside will become dry enough to take fire and drive out the ball."

"Will it be prudent to try the experiment now?" anxiously inquired Isaline. "If it should go off, will it not make a report loud enough to be heard by our enemies in case they are in the vicinity?"

"It certainly would not be prudent to fire off the piece now," replied Henry; "but there can be no harm in flashing the powder in the pan a few times, which will tend to dry the other and be so much time saved."

He snapped the piece as he spoke, and there followed a bright flash and a light smoke. He immediately repeated the experiment, with the same result. He tried it the third time, and, to his great surprise and even consternation, the charge within, after hanging fire a short time, went off with a loud report.

"God have mercy on us!" gasped Isaline.

"Fool! dolt! blockhead!" were the terms of angry reproach that Henry applied to himself: "how long must I live in the wilderness, surrounded by the most deadly perils, to learn ordinary prudence! The powder could not have been as wet as I supposed. I do not think the report was heard by our enemies," he added, after listening for a few minutes and glancing sharply around him; "but no thanks to me, who deserve punishment for my folly! If kind Heaven favors our escape this time, it will be a lesson to me for the future!"

He braced himself among the limbs, and immediately began to wipe out and reload his weapon; but Isaline remained motionless and silent, with one hand pressed upon her heart, and her sweet features pale and anxious.

For the next few minutes not another word was spoken even in a whisper. Henry finished reloading his rifle, and then kept his eyes anxiously moving from point to point among the thick leaves of the covert. It was little he could see, where branches, vines and bushes were so woven in together that the noon-day sun rarely penetrated to the teeming earth.

At length, in looking around, he casually glanced at the face of Isaline, and fairly started at beholding the expression of horror which the features displayed. The eyes, bent downward, were strained open and glaring, the lips were apart, the nostrils compressed, and every lineament was rigidly fixed and ghastly. She seemed to be gazing at some frightful object and fairly petrified with fear; and instantly looking for the cause of her terror, Henry felt his own blood run cold and his hair rise as he caught a glimpse of a half-naked savage stealing along through the thick bushes on the very edge of the stream, with a motion so guarded as not to make a noise equal to the rustling of a leaf.

The Indian came up directly under the tree in which our friends were concealed, and then stopped, apparently attracted by the appearance of the log on which the fugitives had come ashore. Then his sharp, black eyes were thrown around in quick, searching glances, and were suddenly lifted to the limb which Henry had first taken hold of to pull the log in, and from which a twig or two and some leaves had been broken and dropped on the bushes below and into the edge of the water. The next moment his basilisk eyes were searching the body of the tree; and Henry mentally groaned at the thought that now all hope was over, and possibly because of his own imprudence—for had his rifle not been discharged, the keen eyes of this savage might not have been so specially directed to his present place of concealment, and his foes might have gone on and missed him.

So quick and searching were the glances of the Indian below, that not more than twenty or thirty seconds elapsed, from the moment when he stopped under the tree, before he gave the triumphant yell, or halloo, of discovery.

Loud and shrill the startling sound rung out upon the still air, and went echoing through the wood, only to be instantly taken up and repeated several times from two or three different quarters, and mingling with these horrible screeches came the distinctive shouts of the white renegades.

Henry felt that now indeed his last faint hope had expired, and instantly turned his despairing gaze upon his sweet and silent companion. It was just in time, for poor Isaline had already fainted and was in the act of falling, and it required a quick and vigorous exertion on his part to keep her senseless form from dropping down to the feet of the exultant savage below.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RENEGADE AND HIS FRIENDS.

In the course of two or three minutes the whole number of the savages and their white companions had gathered around the foot of the tree in whose branches Henry yet remained supporting the still unconscious Isaline.

"Poor girl!" he sighed, thinking solely of her and not of himself; "would to Heaven I could deliver you by the sacrifice of my own poor life! Alas! alas! alas!"

"So, then, my chivalrous gentleman, we have got you at last, have we?" said the voice of Hampton, in a tone of undisguised triumph. "I took a solemn oath that sooner or later I would have possession of you both, and I have not sworn in vain. A pretty business you have made of it, sneaking round through the woods with a lady who had a good reputation before you knew her; but fortunately as I view it, unfortunately as you may, you have had your sport out, have run the length of your tether, and will now have to take the consequences! Come, down with you and show yourself, and not keep gentlemen waiting!"

"Yes," joined in the decoy, with a malignant laugh, "I once had the pleasure of waiting your slow motions on the Ohio, but don't much like the idea of doing so here."

"Him steal Methoto gun!" said the white savage, gnashing his teeth with rage.

The Indians gave a few short yells of triumph.

"Come, down with you!" repeated Hampton.

Thus far Henry had not spoken a word, but, with tender solicitude, had remained in the tree, supporting the inanimate form of his unconscious companion, and wishing from the very depths of his heart she might never unclose her eyes to the dreadful misery that had come upon her. What his feelings were in those awful moments—the intensity of his anguish—may never be revealed; but there was little of self in his consideration: his whole soul was centered upon poor Isaline—the innocent lamb among a pack of ravenous wolves.

"Charles Hampton," he said at length, in a calm, firm, dispassionate tone, "I ask nothing for myself, but everything for one for whom you have professed regard. Do with me what you will; but, in the name of that God before whose awful Bar you must sooner or later appear, I charge you to do no wrong to this sweet lady, who has never wronged you by so much as a word! You at least were born in a Christian land, have mingled with the intelligent and refined, and have laid claim to the title of a gentleman; and though you have, for a purpose of your own, stooped from your high estate to consort with the barbarians of the wilderness, I cannot think you so lost to all feelings of honor and humanity as to have yet become a devil incarnate, and nothing less would harm this innocent young lady, who now rests in my arms with the unconsciousness of one no longer having existence."

"You need not waste your valuable time in delivering a very stupid homily!" sneered Hampton. "I think I still have wit enough left to manage my own affairs, and whenever I shall really stand in need of your advice I shall be sure to let you know. As to the young lady and myself, we will settle our own affairs in our

own way, and hereafter I shall take care that you do not interfere with my plans. If I have stooped from my high estate, as you are pleased to observe, to consort with the savage friends and allies of my country, I beg you will consider who drove me to the desperate act by the most villainous treatment that an honorable gentleman ever received. But come! the Indians here are getting impatient at your delay in joining them; and if you remain up there much longer, you will probably be invited down by a tomahawk or rifle-bullet. How is it, Miss Isaline, that I have no pleasant word from you? Do you disdain a kindly greeting to an old friend?"

"Have I not told you that she is unconscious?" said Henry.

"Oh, I did not comprehend you!" returned Hampton. "She has fainted then?"

"Yes."

"Then why keep her up there, instead of handing her down to her friends and having something done for her?"

"Would to Heaven she might never be restored to consciousness again!" said Henry.

"Speak to your Indians, Blodget," said Hampton, addressing the decoy, "and explain how matters stand."

The other said a few words to the savages in their native tongue, and they, jerking out their guttural replies, immediately gathered around in a close group, directly under Henry and Isaline. Hampton and the man called Blodget also pressed up into the ring, and the former said:

"Now let her down to us, and we will take care that she does not fall."

Painful as it was for Henry thus to deliver into the possession of his rival, the fair, sweet being he loved above all others, there was no alternative; and with many anxious words of caution, he lowered her unconscious form as gently as he could, and, with feelings no language may portray, beheld her first seized by the rude hands of savages and then clasped in the arms of his deadly foe. It must be confessed that Hampton handled her with tender care; and, gently placing her upon the bank of the river, soon began to sprinkle water in her face, in order to revive her.

Meantime Henry leaped down among the savages, and was immediately laid hold of, with whoops of triumph. As soon as Methoto could reach him, he seized and jerked his rifle from his hands, and, springing back some three or four paces, attempted to shoot him. In fact he would have done so, but for Blodget, who knocked the piece up just as he had it levelled and was in the act of pulling the trigger. It went off, and the ball passed just over the head of his intended victim.

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed the decoy, turning fiercely upon the white savage. "Do you want to take his life here now, and spoil all our after sport?"

Then bethinking him that Methoto would better understand the Indian tongue, he addressed him in the language of the Shawanoese.

"Ough!" grunted Methoto, seeming to be well pleased with the idea; and then he said a few words to his brother savages, at which they all laughed.

While Hampton kept himself busy in trying to restore Isaline—and there appeared to have been some arrangement by which she was to be left solely in his charge—the Indians began to strip and plunder Henry, one taking his knife and belt, another his hunting-frock, a third his hat, and so on, till in the course of five minutes he had nothing left to him but his breeches and a part of a torn shirt. Methoto of course claimed his own powder-horn and bullet-pouch; and though he would gladly have had a share of the rest of the things, his dusky brothers appeared to think he had got enough, and divided all the plunder among themselves, each putting on some part of the young man's dress and strutting around amid general laughter at each other.

The savages were naked except the breech-cloth, leggins and moccasins, though each carried a blanket thrown carelessly over his shoulders. They were all armed with rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife, and were painted for the war-path—or rather were hideously daubed with immense blotches of vermillion, and streaked with white, black and blue, put on in a way to make them look most ugly and frightful. Each had his scalp-lock ornamented with beads and feathers and standing up stiff above his otherwise bald head, ready for the grasp of whatever foemen could get near enough to seize it—a sort of perpetual challenge and silent braggardism.

Blodget, though evidently long among the Indians as an associate, agent and trader, was not in any way disfigured, probably because it might have injured him as a decoy or spy among the whites, and his dress too was so much like the borderers in general as to need no special description. He was of medium size, with sandy hair, lead colored eyes, a pug nose, a sensual, vicious mouth, and freckled skin. He was a mean, sneaking, contemptible wretch, naturally a great coward, and, as a matter of course, an overbearing, cruel bully. His age was apparently not far from thirty.

By the time the savages had finished plundering Henry, poor Isaline had so far revived as to raise her head, with a wild stare at Hampton, and ask where she was.

"With the best friend you have in the world, my dear Isaline!" replied Hampton, in a low, clear, almost musical tone.

Isaline gazed into his face with that peculiar, blinking look of wonder which a person sometimes exhibits when suddenly roused out of a heavy sleep, and her pallid features expressed some degree of mental anguish, mingled with a blank look of incomprehension.

"You are not Henry Colburn?" she said, in a rather doubting way.

"No," returned the other, with a sneering smile, "I rather flatter myself I am not. I am a *gentleman*, Miss Holcombe, and your particular friend—Charles Hampton, at your service."

"Hampton!" she exclaimed, as if suddenly comprehending the fearful truth, and glancing around upon the hideous group of savages. "Oh, my God! my God! then my horrible dream is true! and I am in the power of these monsters at last! Oh, where is my kind friend and protector, Henry Colburn?"

"Here!" cried the young artist, at once springing forward.

But he was not permitted to reach her side; for some three or four savage hands at once seized and hurled him backward with such force that he fell to the ground.

Isaline uttered a wild scream.

"Take him away!" cried Hampton, in an angry tone.

Blodget said a few words to the Indians, only one or two of whom could even imperfectly understand English, and they at once gathered around Henry and dragged him back through the bushes up to the top of the hill.

"Oh, let me go with him!" cried Isaline, staggering to her feet and attempting to follow.

"Nay, my dear girl, rather remain here with me!" said Hampton, twining his arm around her slender waist and detaining her by gentle force.

"Villain!" cried Isaline; "unhand me and let me go!"

The thin lips of Hampton compressed, his brow gathered into a frown, and his black, snaky eyes shot angry gleams, as he said, in a tone that was stern and cold:

"Villain is a term that very few have ever applied to me personally, and I believe they have all suffered for it, or will before I shall have done with them."

"Well, you are a villain!" iterated Isaline, her brave soul rising up strong under the pressure of her wrongs; "or else you would never have deserted your own race, like a coward, and linked yourself with blood-thirsty savages, to pursue and hunt down a defenceless girl who never did you a wrong."

"It is seldom I condescend to an explanation of my acts," rejoined Hampton; "but in your case, Miss Holcombe, I will do so, because I see you are excited and laboring under a serious mistake, and I really have a desire to stand well in your regard. I did not quit my own race intentionally to throw myself among the savages and hunt you down, as you have so cruelly asserted; but accident threw me among a party of Indians who were already on their way to attack and destroy our whole train; and thinking solely of you, and that in no other way could I possibly save you, I dissembled to them, and pretended that, because of wanting revenge, I was delighted with their plan, and would go with them and give them all the aid in my power, stipulating only that I was to have one prisoner spared to me, which I scarcely need tell you was your own sweet self, for what would the world be to me without the presence of one I so madly love?"

"Stop!" said Isaline, with an angry flush; "such language is not suited to the time, place and circumstances." Then looking at him for a few moments, with a steady, unquailing eye, she added: "Was it really for the purpose of saving my life and restoring me to my friends that you joined the Indians?"

"I assure you it was, on my honor as a gentleman!"

"And were the Indians in sufficient force to attack the whole train?"

"Yes, they numbered not less than fifty able warriors."

"Is that number here present?"

"No, there are only six here, and two white men besides myself."

"How comes it then that you and these have separated from the others?"

"Especially to follow you."

"In order to save me?"

"Yes, to save you from being lost in the wilderness, or falling into worse hands."

"And how did you discover that I had separated from the train?"

"By accident," replied Hampton, seeming eager to enter into a satisfactory explanation. "We were all pursuing the train, and had almost come up with it, when we were overtaken by the tempest and laid by in the wood, fortunately just the other side of the track of the tornado. While at that place, waiting for the storm to pass over, a couple of Indians, who had been out hunting and scouting, came in, and one of them showed me a small piece of calico which he had found hanging to a bramble, and which I at once recognized as a part of your dress. That you may be certain I am telling you the truth," said Hampton, "I will show it to you, for I have treasured it as something sacred;" and he at once produced and held up the article before the astonished eyes of Isaline.

It was indeed a piece of her dress, about half as large as the palm of her hand, which had been torn from near the bottom of her skirt.

"As soon as I saw this," pursued the artful villain, "I arranged with a friend of mine and six of the Indians to follow you, for you were all that concerned me in this unpleasant affair, most of the others having treated me in a manner to excite a spirit of enmity, so that I did not care what became of them. We hurried to the spot where the piece of dress had been found, and there discovered, what the Indian scouts had before mentioned, that the trail of yourself and companion was connected with the trail of two horses; but why you were afoot and the horses preceding you, in such an out-of-the-way place, I could not understand till I came to the point where you had stopped and turned off to go back; and then I conjectured that you had first ridden away from the train, that the horses had subsequently got away from you, and that you had followed them as far as you had thought prudent and were then endeavoring to make your way back to your companions on foot. Was I right?"

"Yes," replied Isaline.

"Well," pursued Hampton, "we hurried along on your backward trail, a very clear one in the wet earth, I being anxious to overtake you before any harm could come to you, and at length found where you had retraced your own steps and turned off into a mass of fallen timbers; and then the Indians stopped and hallooed, judging from the signs that we were close upon you. Was such the fact? did you hear us?"

"Yes," answered Isaline.

"Well, as you know, we did not overtake you yesterday, greatly to my disappointment, for I was much afraid you would suffer last night. We found where you had broken your trail in the water, which showed the sagacious experience of your guide; but night fell upon us before we could discover the new one, and we were obliged to encamp and give up the pursuit for the time. At the first streak of day I roused up all the Indians, and we made an eager search, and fortunately discovered your new trail by the time it was fairly light. We followed it rapidly, but found it zig-zag, winding, twisting, and turning, as if you had been in great uncertainty about your proper course. It finally led, as you of course know, to a miserable hut, on the bank of the Licking, where we found a white man, who had been brought up among the Indians, and who was in a terrible rage, because, as he said, he had discovered and brought you into his dwelling, and given you hospitable entertainment, and you had this morning repaid him, or rather your companion had, by getting possession of his rifle, on pretence of wanting to shoot a bird, and then had run off, threatening to shoot him if he followed."

"That was done in self defence," explained Isaline, "for he was preparing to kill my companion, in order to get possession of myself."

"The villain!" exclaimed Hampton, with righteous indignation; "only let him *dare* to put a hand on you now! Do not fear any more, sweet lady! henceforth you are under my protection!"

Isaline shuddered, for she felt it was the lamb under the protection of the wolf.

"Well, as I have said," Hampton went on, "this fellow was in a terrible rage, and hurriedly told the Indians his whole story, and then declared his intention, not only of joining in the pursuit, but of joining them altogether and returning with them to his old home. We followed you to the spot where you had again broken your trail, and which I must admit was so artfully done that we were on the point of giving up the search, when one of the Indians discovered that you had been on the little island and must of course have left it by jumping into the river, as your still dripping garments certainly prove you did. Then I confess I was more alarmed than ever, fearing you were drowned. We immediately began a search along down the bank of the stream, which I am happy to say has resulted in complete success. I am sorry to find you have been unnecessarily alarmed, though of course you could not know that instead of an enemy you were being followed by your best friend. Even here we might have failed of our object but for the Providential discharge of your companion's rifle, which led us directly to the spot."

Isaline groaned in spirit at the recollection of that most imprudent, not to say fatal, act.

"And now?" said Isaline, looking straight into Hampton's eye, with a kind of trembling eagerness: "what do you intend to do with me now that you have me in your power?"

"Protect and treasure you as a gem of which the world does not produce a counterpart!" returned the other, with an enthusiastic glow. "Come, now that you know all, sweet lady, will you not recall that odious word *villain*, which you applied to me in the heat of passionate excitement?"

Isaline was on the point of giving an indignant and scornful rejoinder, but suddenly bethought her it could do no good and might do much harm, she being so completely in his power. Would it not be policy for her to dissemble a little—to play a part—and thus as it were use the only weapon she had for self-defence? Perhaps, by affecting to believe the villain, and appearing to become in a degree reconciled to her situation, she might obtain over him an influence that she could use to her own advantage, and possibly to the advantage of Henry Colburn, who might otherwise have no friendly aid. She pondered for a few moments, rapidly taking all these matters into consideration, but apparently weighing only what the other had said, and then replied, as if with an altered view, though still with a lingering doubt:

"If all you tell me is true, Mr. Hampton, I will not maintain that I was justified in using the language I did."

"All is true that I have told you, dear lady, on my honor as a gentleman!" he eagerly returned, with a glow of satisfaction. "Had I really been the villain you supposed, should I not have used my present power to resent the insult, instead of taking so much pains to convince you of your mistake?"

"Perhaps you would," she replied, in a manner to convey the idea of regret for her hasty expression.

"You see, Miss Isaline," he rejoined, with what he intended to be a winning smile, "it is my proudest ambition to stand high in your regard, and this very fact unfortunately has been the leading cause of all my troubles. You must have seen, you must have known, dear lady, that I have long loved you, even to idolatrous worship; and when I fancied there was another, a mere adventurer as I may say, coming between you and me, I became as one insane, and not only said, but did, some rash and perhaps unjustifiable things."

"Among which," returned Isaline, effectually concealing, by her determined will, a shudder of disgust, "was the running away from me and leaving me to suppose you dead."

"I was forced into that act, my dear Isaline, by the rough enemies who surrounded me and a combination of other circumstances. As probably you know, I was actually compelled to go out into the dark wood, on that dark night, ostensibly to fight a duel with Colburn, but in reality to be murdered; and but for the fact that we were interrupted in a most mysterious and fearful manner, I am certain I should not be living now."

"I have heard something of it," said Isaline, "and was led to fear you had been destroyed. What was it that followed you? and how did you escape? and why did you not return to the boat?"

"What it was that followed me," answered Hampton, glancing quickly around him, as if he feared it still, "I do not know; but it was something frightful, and I confess I was scared, as were all the others who heard it. I escaped, I suppose, by running away from it—for after a time I found myself alone in the depths of the forest. After what had happened, I did not care to return to the boat, to meet with new insults, not to say downright brutality; but I could not if I had wished, for I had got lost in the wood, and was compelled to wander around alone, living as best I could, till I finally fell in with the Indians, who have proved better friends to me than their white foes."

In part the whole statement of Hampton was true and in part false; for, in fact, toward evening of the next day after the intended duel, he had reached the Kentucky side of the Ohio river ahead of the boats, which had happened at the moment to be coming around the bend above; and he had seated himself on a log there to wait for them, intending to hail them, when, to his surprise, he had heard them hailed from the other shore, and had really been a witness of the exciting scene described in a former chapter. This event had then changed his whole purpose, and had led to his wicked design of joining the Indians and inciting them to make an incursion into Kentucky, that he might revenge himself on the scouts and obtain possession of Isaline, for a reason yet to be shown. Knowing enough of the Indian character to believe they would receive a deserter in a friendly manner, he had gone up to a point opposite to the place where the decoy had appeared, and there, by shouting and showing himself, had attracted the attention of the savages; and then, in sight of them, had actually plunged into the water and attempted to swim across the river. As they were provided with a few canoes, which they had not attempted to use against the voyagers, they had sent one to meet him. Once among them, with Blodget acting as interpreter, he had managed to accomplish his vile purpose of inciting them to follow the voyagers, by assuring them the latter were mostly women and children, and that an easy victory, a terrible revenge, and much valuable booty would be their reward. At first the Indians had thought their party too few for the venture; but having been subsequently joined by some thirty fresh warriors, eager to distinguish themselves, they had crossed the Ohio in the night, in canoes, a few at a time, and had since been aiming to keep back out of sight and come up with their intended victims in the vicinity of the Blue Licks.

These facts, it will be seen, agree with the language used by Hampton while Henry was supporting the unconscious Isaline; but as she had heard nothing of that, he felt he could say what he pleased to her without fear of any contradictory statement being pointed out.

"Did I understand you to say the Indians were some fifty in number and intended attacking the train?" inquired Isaline, with an anxious look.

"Yes," he replied; "and doubtless ere this the whole number of whites are either killed or prisoners; so that you may be thankful, as I am, that you are not among them."

At this moment there rung out a fierce cry from some one of the party who had carried off Henry, followed by loud, savage laughter; and fearing, she knew not what, Isaline involuntarily clasped her hands, turned more deathly pale, shuddered, and grew sick at heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 17, 1866.

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Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

The cause of life's happy and disastrous events is the theme of many speculations. The most popular is, that Fortune is a capricious mistress, and dispenses her favors and her frowns to whom she will, regardless of truth and virtue on the one hand, and of error and wrong-doing on the other. In the light of this theory, no voluntary act can secure her favor, but each suitor must await the turning of the wheel. Intellect is not essential to her favor; indeed she has ever seemed to be its implacable enemy, dealing out her gifts so niggardly, that intellect must keep itself on the rack to preserve a lodging place. Neither does she seem to be fastidious. Crime may dwell in palaces, shame be covered with gold and brilliant with diamonds, and the brainless portion of humanity bask in the sunlight of her most winning smiles.

The beautiful are accounted her favorites. She reserves for them her choicest favors, and takes especial care to seat them on the right of her throne. For her sake her courtiers do them honor, and under her sway love becomes a meek worshipper. Not only is Fortune capricious, but she is believed to be all powerful. She can create thrones, bestow titles, and give away dominions. In her smile man is happy; if she frowns, his heart is withered.

These, and similar conclusions, are entertained by many who, would they but stop and think, would see the error of their views, and turn as quickly from the syren as before they had pressed hard after her. A capricious goddess, she is also blind; and while her favors are to be received for the good one is able to do with them, she cannot be followed without peril.

Said Brutus before the field of Philippi:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

This is a more genial interpretation of life's mysteries. A way is opened which leads to success and honor. Self-exertion and devotion to right principles, will be sure of a reward. The voice of the soul whispers that happiness is not purchased by riches, honors, or adulation; all these may be showered upon the same person, and still fail to relieve an aching heart. Happiness is not to be bought, cannot be sold, and still, can always be had for the asking. It makes no difference who the applicant may be, crowned head or the humblest beggar, no one is ever denied. Would you receive the boon? Go ask it where alone it may be found. Go with an humble, teachable spirit, and come back with the dearest of all hopes in your heart, the sweetest of all music on your lips, "love to God and to each other." The happiest are always culling from the flowers that spring by life's pathway,—these ripen wherever there are smiles, sweet words, and tender sympathies. So in thousands of humble homes are the blessings of peace and happiness. Here, too, not unfrequently, are the dwelling places of genius. Heroes are not always found in the thickest of life's battle. The struggle for daily bread may prove as great an act of heroism as the valorous charge of the hero of a hundred battles.

To be great and happy, then, does not necessarily imply the existence of riches. There is a spirit within us that determines our destiny.

Upon the seething ocean of life we encounter many a threatening tempest. If we will, that spirit shall bear us safely above every billow. The good that we would have we must labor for. It is our birthright, and what is better, we shall surely reap of the seed we have planted. Men do not spend their lives in low pleasures and ignoble pursuits, and expect to reap a manhood of honor, unimpeachable integrity, the reverence and love of their fellows. It would not follow from such seed. On the contrary, pure motives and right actions are sure of a crown at last.

"The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait."

This great truth should be received with the consideration it deserves, especially should it take a prominent place in the education of childhood; while the young are being dazzled by the splendor of the rich, and, in imagination, are placing themselves in similar positions, mingling with their dreams and aspirations should be the conviction that the good alone are Fortune's favorites.

MONASTICISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Monasticism in the Episcopal Church of England seems to make some progress. In addition to the order of Benedictine monks, and a "third order," which consists of laymen who remain in "the world," Brother Ignatius is now organizing a community of Benedict nuns. It is reported that a Miss Sellon, well known as the foundress of the "sisterhood," which has been in operation in England for several years, and obtained the approval of a large portion of the church, is already invested with the dignity of an "abbess" of this female order.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

The Chimes—Sunrise Scenes—Church Colors—Cavalry Charges—The Fete—The Man—A Bit of Dash.

In all countries of Europe, and in our own, national characteristics show conclusively that *ad captandum vulgus* is the first popular consideration, that even pastime itself being ordered to fit the genius of those for whom it is prepared, varies in different countries as much in its features as do the countries and people themselves.

Thus—In Russia, a fete, be it of state, or of a station on the road to Tobolks, is always a slow, grave, stately affair—much like the clumsy antics of a gathering of Polar bears.

In Germany, all festivals—whatever the occasion, are very German. The main features always—music—brass bands, Rhein wein, lager bier, and Schiller. In Spain, whatever the nature of the fete, *Bull Fight* is the main feature. In France, public carnivals of all sorts always remind a foreigner of bantam chickens, and hop-toads galvanized. John Bull roars Rule Britannia and *God Save the Queen!* with all his might of lungs—fast anchored in his habits, public and private, as his "fast anchored Isle" itself.

The drift of all universal Yankee fetes, festivals and carnivals, whether a Fireman's Review, Plymouth Rock anniversary, torch-light political tramp, or Fourth of July celebration, notwithstanding our late serious disturbances, is invariably *E Pluribus Unum*, and "Union Forever!"

In Spanish America, and most especially in Chile, all public festivals take their characteristics mainly from those of the occasion. It is only the ecclesiastical features that are always apparent and outside, and uppermost in everything. Mother Church rules absolutely in everything—religious, state or secular.

So upon the accession to power of a new head of the Government, the Church heralds the advent of the inauguration fete, as she does the funeral obsequies of an infant, only the announcement of a grand holiday is a great deal more general and clamorous than that which tells of the departure of the dead to the *pantheon*.

First upon Inauguration-day—at the first faint streak of dawn, came the deafening clang of the ponderous bells of San Augustine, struck rapidly, and with might and main, but without measure or tune for the first ten minutes, the object being to awaken all Santiago, and send the bell ringers all through the city, each one to his post.

Santiago, like our American Long Island city, is justly entitled to the distinguishing title of "the city of churches," and very nearly every church in the city of Santiago has a chime of bells—some of the bells being of extraordinary size, and very superior tone.

Gradually the bell-ringers of the great Cathedral passed without pausing, from their tremendous bang-bang—into a delightful *el adeiento de frieste*, all the other chimes joining in, and for an hour the mighty metallic concert went on without one moment's cessation, fresh relays of ringers relieving their fellow musicians, dropping in one at a time, maintaining the harmony intact, the monstrous symphony now rolling out in volume and cadence so deep-toned that the very ground vibrated with the peal, now almost languid in some sweet *Ave*, or beautiful Di Gloria, like the low-breathed notes of an Æolian harp, thrilling all ears, holding all hearts entranced as if it were the music of an angelic choir.

Then in an instant as the first sunbeams gilded the lofty tower of Santiago's grand old cathedral, simultaneously from every bell there came a crashing clang—a merry peal—then a rapid bang—*bang*—BANG of bells, followed on the instant by a blare of bugles, the roar of cannon, loud shouted, and sweetly chaunted—*Viva el Sol—y el dia de cumple anos de Chile!* Cries of *el Cardinal y el Arzobispo—Viva!* and all Santiago was awake, astir—out doors, in the streets a foot or in saddle; and excitement, expectation, and enthusiasm were driving wild and clamorously crazy, men, women and children—all eager to witness and welcome with more boisterous greeting the grand ecclesiastical procession, led by the Cardinal Jerome Valdivia, and his eminence the Archbishop of Santiago in person.

First, in the grand display of church magnificence, moved the two high and holy officials, at whose passing every head was uncovered, every knee reverentially bent, attended by three score subordinate officials. Then followed the escort of the Sacred Host, composed of some three hundred handsome, bravely mounted *caballieros*; then a deafening crash of music from four united military bands—next, the *host* itself, in all the glitter and tinselled splendor that marked its passage through the public streets in Old Spain in the days of her proudest glory.

In the rear of the Host, marching in divisions, came the secular army of the Roman Catholic Church—men and boys—ranked and sized as regularly as a well-appointed martial army, bareheaded, and wearing, each division, the colors of its particular church in flowing mantles of silk and satin; the red, purple, white, yellow, green and orange, with many a shade between, distinguishing the various churches as plainly as the varied uniforms of an army could the different arms of the service.

Favored by the municipal and military authorities by being assigned to a position about midway the *Passeo Constitution*, and mounted as we were, we had an unobstructed and most capital view of the gorgeous church pageant, by far the largest, and in all its appointments the most imposing that any one of our party had ever seen in any country. Directly after the passage of the church procession, the eager, excited thousands held apart on either hand by respect for the Sacred Host, rolled in together with a rush, collapsing like the cleft waves, parted by the swift steamer, and falling together in her wake.

We should have moved on toward the State House—Capitol, or, as these South American republicans persist in calling their capitol, *Palace*—but so suddenly had the human wave closed before us, that we were blockaded in our position. Not a single yard could one of us move without endangering life and limb of women and children, and as there was no necessity that we should hurry forward, we remained quietly in position, patiently awaiting events.

Events came directly in a whirlwind charge of cavalry—a squadron of five hundred men forming the escort of the President elect, who finding the passage thus suddenly blockaded, came down at a furious gallop, riding through and over the crowd with as little compunction as if they had been a herd of swine.

There were shrieks of women, screams of children, and many a mad "*Carrabo!*" from the men. But the cruel cavalrymen dashed on, utterly unheeding them, intent only on clearing the way for the passage of His Excellency, General Enrique Emanuel Sobriete.

There were unquestionably broken limbs and otherwise maimed victims of the mad, headlong charge. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise; but we heard of no absolute murders outright. It was a part of the grand fete, everybody said, and so everybody who had not suffered by the cavalry raid, vivad and whooped as vigorously as ever, and the fete proceeded quite undisturbed by a few dozen broken limbs, and backs, and heads. A brave fete. *South American Civilization.*

Close following the reckless riders, came the new President of the Republic—a medium-sized, middle-aged, handsome, and intelligent-looking man, riding a fiery horse, white as a snow-drift, which he managed with most consummate skill, not seeming to heed the animal's prancing and demi-volts and mad leaps an atom, all the while riding bareheaded, and bowing right and left to the packed thousands, vivaing and cheering with all their might of lungs.

We said among us—particularly the ladies: "I have never seen so handsome a man, or so graceful a rider, in all my life. He is *the* MAN for Chile and the Chilenos."

So he was, but only for a very brief period. Then there was another revolution, and another favorite, and inauguration pageant.

We were fortunate in having of our party two persons who had been for some years acquainted—one of them very intimately—with the new Chilean President. These were our fellow-countrymen, Dr. Bond and Dr. Juan Oliveira, of Buenos Ayres. It was the latter who had been for five years the intimate friend of his Excellency. So when the President approached our party, there was a mutual recognition, a cordial greeting, and then, first a general, and then at the request of his Excellency, a personal, individual introduction—welcome, compliments, and shaking of hands all round.

The handsome President had made some complimentary remark to each one of the ladies, and was saying something especially entertaining to Miss Edith, when there was a sudden blare of bugles, a confused outcry, and great apparent commotion down toward the northern end of the *passeo*, out of which the last of the church pageant had just turned to the left, towards the palace.

For a minute or two there was nothing to give character to the confusion in front. But directly there was a rattling volley of firearms, a whirling dash hither and thither of the cavalrymen who, a few minutes previously, had so recklessly ridden down the rabble, and the cry of "*El Echebados!*" went up all along the *passeo*.

"*El Diavo! El Ladrones atrocis,*" exclaimed the General-President, cutting short his compliments to Miss Edith, and like a flash of light was gone the white horse and his gallant rider, along the *passeo*, down toward the scene of tumult.

We were enough acquainted with the later political history of Chile to understand that the *Echebados* were partisans of the ex-President, and were still formidable in numbers in and near Santiago. But it was the party in power, not the *Echebados*, that were our friends, and in thirty seconds we had all of us *looked* very plainly our resolution to assist our friends.

As was his practice always in all emergencies, Dr. Bond took temporary rank and position as our chief, and looking mischief, as he gathered in the reins and unbuckled the straps of his holsters, the doctor commanded:

"Ladies, *remain where you are!* Gentlemen, spur and revolver now, for our friends."

We obeyed orders off-hand in a second; but the ladies did not—somehow they never would in such cases. In three minutes we were in among the *Echebados*, who were seriously formidable in numbers compared to the Presidential escort, and as we found leisure to look about us, we saw our own rebel ladies in among and at work upon the Chileno rebels too. On our left, within five yards of the President, was the dashing Kate O'Harra, her bright orange plume rising, falling, and flickering amid the smoke of battle like a tongue of flame. On the right, Edith, Senora Monteiro, and our brave little Italian Prima Donna, were cheering us and clipping *Echebados* with revolver shots, while down full in front of us,—I have always wondered how they had out-ridden us and got the position—were our whole swarm of female hornets, doing the President better service than three score of the best of his mounted escort.

It was a battle of Amazons, a brave fight—in appearance. Not very far beyond that—no very great harm done, beyond a dozen or so *Echebados* unhorsed and laid out harmless in the future, fifty of the rebels captured, and the remainder dispersed and chased from the city.

Then we had order again, and compliments from the President, and congratulations from everybody; and during the remainder of the day—indeed, during the whole time we remained in Santiago—our pretty Amazons were everywhere, with all sorts of people, real, live *lionesses*.

☞ If a traveller by railway wishes to know the rate of speed at which he is going, he has merely to take out his watch and count the telegraph posts as he passes. The number of posts passed in one minute and fifty seconds will indicate the number of miles per hour the train is moving. This, of course, is based on the assumption that the posts are placed at ten rods interval, which is said to be commonly the case.

☞ One million five hundred thousand pounds of cotton, of good staple, have been raised in the vicinity of Carbondale, Jackson county, Illinois, the past season. Illinois farmers consider that at present prices, it is the most profitable crop that can be raised.

☞ We are informed, says a late number of the Leavenworth Conservative, upon reliable authority, that some ten thousand soldiers, "horse, foot, and dragoons," will arrive at Fort Leavenworth during the month of February. Query.—Are they going to Utah?

☞ The magnificent presents given to the Duchess de Mouchy (Princess Anna Murat,) on the occasion of her marriage, continue to excite the envy of Parisian belles. The choicest gift, if not the most costly, is the prayer book given by the Empress, and which the fair bride held in her hand during the ceremony. The ivory cover of the truly precious volume bears on one side a large emerald, on which are interlaced in diamonds the letters that form the name of Mouchy; on the other side the decoration consists of a large diamond cross.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors:

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MOREland," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett' began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods:

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
Mrs. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mrs. A. D. F. WHITNEY,
Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,
Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.
BELLA Z. SPENCER,
Author of "Ora," &c.
Mrs. M. F. TUCKER.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.
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AUGUST BELL,
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BEATRICE COLONNA,
Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."
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Author of "The Morrisons," &c.
HARRIS BYRNE.
"COSMO."
Author of "South American Sketches."
LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON.
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Mrs. H. A. HEYDON,
Author of "Margaret's Story," &c.
CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.
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FRANCES H SHEFFIELD.
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LIZZIE MATTIERS.
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Miss H. S COREY.
LUCRETIA ELLIOTT.
AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."
BARBARA JOHNS.
BELLE ST. AUBYN.
Miss A. FORRESTIER.
EDWIN R. MARTIN.
SARA J. RUMSEY.
T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*) $16; Twenty (and one *gratis*) $35. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS will be sent *gratis*.
Single numbers for sale by the News Dealers.
☞ Editors inserting the above shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

☞ THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY.—Mrs. Patterson, daughter of President Johnson, is represented to have lately said to a very prominent and fashionable woman: "We are plain people, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we shall not put on airs because we chance to occupy this place for a short time."

☞ A DOUBTFUL CASE.—An editor in describing the doings of a mad dog, says, "He bit the cow in the tail which has since died." This was very unfortunate for the tail; but we naturally feel some interest to know what became of the cow.

Age and Poverty.

The vast mass of the men and women who grow old are not prosperous. Of the majority of them it may be said with truth they never knew what prosperity was; they fail altogether to win in playing the game of life; and to them old age means not merely the decay of the natural powers, but consequent helplessness and privation. How is it with the generality of working men, artisans, laborers, and small tradesmen who have families to rear? During their years of health and strength they are waging that "eternal war" against poverty, striving and struggling to maintain their offspring, and to pay their humble way honestly in the sight of all men. So long as they have health and strength they manage, to use their own expression, to rub on somehow or other, and, taking the rough with the smooth, to do tolerably well; but when health fails, everything fails—they fall helpless at once, and often the ruin that comes upon them is sudden and complete. This sad phase in the history of the workman is ever recurring. The strong, vigorous man who, up to fifty-five or sixty, has earned his full wage and lived in comparative comfort, is suddenly prostrated by a cold or chill, or by the exhaustion of overtime, and can no longer perform his fair stroke of work; and he is shifted into the background, either discharged as unserviceable, or allowed as a favor to make himself as useful in the workshop as he can at half a workman's wage. How often have I seen this melancholy sight; the sight of a veteran worker reduced after half a century of toil to live upon half-rations when his need was at the greatest! and how often have I marvelled in silent admiration of the patience and magnanimity of the sufferers! When I was a boy some one made me a present of a handsome illustrated copy of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," then a new publication. I happened to open it the first time upon a picture of an aged man, who, with the marks of patient suffering in his face, was leaning over a stile, while he gazed longingly upon a little cottage overgrown with roses and woodbine, and embowered in trees. Under the picture was the line—

"Oh that for me some home like this would smile!"

That picture, together with the verses it illustrated, gave me the first sad ideas I ever entertained on the subject of combined age and poverty; and, though forty and odd years have elapsed since that day, I have never forgotten it, or the impression it produced.

PEARLS.

A SONG.

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are—you!

Anonymous.

ANOTHER SONG.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee!

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover blooms,
But I kiss—thee!

The oriole weds her mottled mate,
The lily's the bride o' th' bee,
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth—
Shall I wed thee? *Bayard Taylor.*

☞ Two crazy people in the Colney Hatch Asylum, England, recently got married, and got well.

☞ A sensation was created in an Episcopal church in Rochester, on Wednesday last, by the sudden death of a lady during the reading of the Psalter, and while the words "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil" were being repeated.

☞ The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, Lord Southampton and a friend of his got leave to sit up by the body, in the banqueting house at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholy there, about two o'clock in the morning, they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly up stairs. By and by the door opened, and a man entered very much muffled up in his cloak, and his face quite hid in it. He approached the body, considered it very attentively for some time, and then shook his head and sighed out the words, "Cruel necessity!" He then departed in the same slow and concealed manner as he had come in. Lord Southampton used to say that he could not distinguish anything of his face, but that by his voice and gait, he took him to be Oliver Cromwell.

☞ A discovery has been made at Toulon, where the iron-plated frigate *Provence* is undergoing repairs, which show the danger that menaces the entire iron-coated fleet of France. The *Provence* was fitted out for sea only fifteen months since, and already a great number of her plates are nearly consumed with rust. The director of naval architecture is of opinion that if a composition be not discovered to prevent the action of rust, the iron-plated fleet must be renewed every five years.

☞ The Scranton Register says coal in the bed is worth twenty-five cents a ton. It costs eighty cents to mine it, and eighty more to prepare it for market, a total of $1.85. All that is charged above that is for transportation and profit.

☞ Dr. Hayes, in a lecture on icebergs, delivered in New York on Tuesday evening, said that the largest he saw in his expedition of 1860, was three-quarters of a mile long, three hundred and fifteen feet high, with contents estimated at 27,000,000,000 cubic feet, and a weight of something like 2,000,000,000 tons.

☞ An old man lives at Biddeford, Maine, who, it is said, will be 148 years of age, if he lives till the 30th of this month. Not an improbable thing.

☞ The Saratoga express train for Troy, Saturday afternoon, ran over an intoxicated man, near Ballston Spa, cutting his head in twain lengthwise, killing him instantly. He proved to be a returned soldier, named John Spier.

☞ Some friend recently called to condole with a German surgeon, in Paris, who had lost his wife, and found him engaged in dissecting her body.

☞ Whitewashed walls which are to be papered should previously be well brushed over with strong vinegar, or the paste will not adhere.

☞ "Off she goes," said Mr. Smith to his spouse, as they started by the railway from London Bridge. "You are wrong," said Mrs. Smith, "for this is the 'mail' train."

Chinese Widows.

Widows are obliged, by custom, to wear a white, black, or blue skirt, when they wear any skirt at all. They are not allowed to dress in a red and gaudy skirt, as though they were married and their husbands were living. Hence the expression, "*marrying the wearer of a white skirt*," applied to a man who marries a widow. Poor families sometimes arrange to marry one of their sons to a widow, when they feel themselves unable to procure a girl of good character, on account of the necessary expense incurred in such a case. The expense attendant on marrying a widow is comparatively small. It is considered a disgrace to a family for one of its sons to marry a widow, no matter how intelligent, interesting, and handsome she may be, as well as a disgraceful or shameful step on the part of the widow to consent to marry again. No rich and fashionable family ever marries a son to a widow. A widow is not allowed to ride in a red bridal chair *en route* from her residence to the residence of her intended husband. She must employ a common black-covered chair, borne by two men. Many families, which have a widow connected with them, are exceedingly unwilling that she should marry again, on account of the dishonor which such a procedure would bring upon them, and especially upon the memory of her deceased husband. Generally his relatives, if in good circumstances, prefer to assist in her support, or support her entirely, than that she should marry the second time.

Story of a Broken Heart.

The local of the Virginia Union, having seen a lock of auburn hair made into a circle, and a parasol, fastened to the wall over the door of a house to which he was invited, hunted about with true reportorial instinct, and gleaned the following facts to account for their presence in such a position:

About four years ago a lady and her daughter arrived in Virginia from a long and tedious trip across the plains, the husband and father having died on the way from the effects of a wound received in a fight with the Indians, near Gravelly Ford. The mother and daughter disposed of what remained of the outfit when they arrived here, and commenced housekeeping in a small house back of the drug store.

Things progressed well until a gay Lothario made his appearance and commenced paying his attentions to the daughter. The mother, not liking the young man, forbade him to enter the house. The young lady contrived to have secret meetings with her lover. An elopement was agreed upon, and the mother awoke one morning to find her daughter missing. Everything was gone but the parasol and lock of hair. All traces of the happy pair were lost. The mother remained in the old house for a short time, when she died of a broken heart. Before she was taken sick she placed the parasol and lock of hair where it is to be seen to-day. The daughter has never been heard from since she left.

BATTY, an English lion-tamer, came near losing his head a short time ago, while giving an exhibition in Paris. He placed his head in the mouth of a lioness, at the same time holding his hands behind his back when a convulsive movement of the animal's jaws caused its teeth to inflict deep wounds on each side of the man's forehead, from which blood flowed profusely. A cry of horror arose from the spectators, and numbers made a rush to leave the building, but Batty, without losing his presence of mind, called for a pocket-handkerchief, wiped the traces of the accident from his face, and then firing a revolver to drive the animals from before the door of the cage, quietly withdrew to get his wounds dressed.

☞ "Tip" Prentiss, son of Major-General B. M. Prentiss, left Quincy, Illinois, recently, on skates, with a despatch for Lagrange, fourteen miles above, and made the run up in fifty minutes. He remained there thirty minutes, and then started on his return, and ran down in fifty-five minutes, having made the round trip of twenty-eight miles in an hour and forty-five minutes running time, and been out only two hours and a quarter.

☞ One of the most exciting subjects of discussion of late in Scotland is the Organ Question; that is, whether this instrument shall be used at all in churches. There has been a great deal of ill humor on both sides. A writer in Fraser says that excellent men, ultra conservative in all things, have been known to accuse the advocates of the organ of various forms of heterodoxy, of Socinianism, Atheism, and even of Bourigianism, (if any one knows what that is.) "I have no objection to the organ," said a worshy mechanic to a Scotch clergyman a short time since, "but I understand that whenever the organ is brought in, there's to be an attack on the doctrine of the Atonement." The prejudice is gradually disappearing, although, this same writer says, there is but one organ in Edinburgh in use in a parish church. In Glasgow there are seven or eight.

☞ The "waterfall" was first worn at a grand reception given at Buckingham Palace in 1859, on the occasion of the return of the Prince of Wales from his visit to America. The female English aristocracy determined on that night to eclipse the acknowledged leader of fashions in Europe, and they were thought to have succeeded so well that this new mode of dressing the hair was soon afterwards adopted at the Court of Eugenie. We rejoice that its reign is now over.

☞ ECONOMICAL.—An economical view of homicide is taken by the Calusa (Cal.) Sun, in the following item:—"The Sheriff of Sutter county killed a thief last week, who was attempting to escape, thereby saving the county much cash."

☞ The original publishers of "Les Miserables" paid Victor Hugo $80,000 for his copyright, and made immense sums of money by the speculation. For the privilege of publishing his new work, "Songs of Streets and Woods," for twelve years, they will pay him $40,000.

☞ Men are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which is lost in the bustle of our labors.

☞ A niece of Mrs. Polk, widow of ex-President Polk, was married in Nashville recently at a day-wedding, with twenty-four attendants—twelve ladies and twelve gentlemen.

☞ An advocate of Colmar, France, lately left a legacy of $20,000 to the lunatic asylum of that town. "I earned this money," his will states, "by the patronage of those who go to law; my present gift is but a restitution."

WRECKED ON THE SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

Oh! mad, wild orgies the storm-gods keep
Over the waste of the foaming deep—

Sweeping up from their ocean caves,
Chasing and lashing the frantic waves.

Driving them in their revel high
Against the black, low hanging sky.

Tossing gayly from crest to crest,
The ship that sailed out into the West,

Out into the West one summer day,
And sad hearts followed her on her way,

Shivering at sight of her snowy sail,
As she onward sped in the freshening gale.

For she bore away their all of life,
From many a mother, and child, and wife.

The storm-gods gather their rollicking force,
And far to the southward take their course.

The setting sun with an alchemy fine,
Has changed the water to ruby wine.

The wild waves sink to peaceful rest,
But where is the ship that sailed out to the West?

That rode so gracefully into view,
When the storm came down on the hapless crew.

Only a rail and a shattered spar
The surf has washed on the harbor bar.

Jean Fisher is out in her dread alarm,
Carrying her baby upon her arm.

Ah, here is a form of wondrous grace,
And an earnest, childish, anguished face,

Standing alone on the glittering sand,
Shading her eyes with one fair, white hand,

Gazing far out o'er the silent sea,
If ever a glimpse of a sail there be.

Oh, angels, pity her mute despair,
Gazing with stony vacant stare,

On the fragments, too, of the ship gone down,
Under the wrath of the storm-god's frown.

For tied to the end of the floating spar,
Is a crimson scarf with its golden star.

The scarf her husband wore away,
When the good ship sailed that summer day.

Ah, me! too well she knew his fate,
He had lashed himself to the spar too late!

Alas, for the mother! alas, for the child!
And the ship that went down when the storm was wild!

The world recks not of their wild distress,
For what are a few lives more or less!

And what though hearts in their fierce, mad ache,
Sicken with anguish and bleed and break?

It matters not in the world of men
How great our agony may have been,

Only the pitying angels know
One-half the weight of our human woe.

Edith Melbourne's Trials.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER I.

Melbourne Manor was an old country house, situated in the most pleasant portion of Warwickshire. It laid no claim to architectural beauty nor modern elegance, but it was commodious and comfortable; and with its verandahs, blooming parterre, and well-kept shrubbery, presented a home-like and cheerful aspect.

Its proprietor, Mr. Ralph Melbourne, was a stern, moody man, who disliked the world, and was cordially disliked by it. But Mr. Melbourne had not always been the misanthrope he was at present. Early in life he had married the daughter of an opulent land-holder, and shortly after he sustained, through the dishonesty of those in whom he had placed implicit trust, the loss of a great portion of his fortune.

Melbourne Manor, though nominally his, was burdened with heavy mortgages, of which there seemed little prospect of being paid off, as the profits accruing from the estate were barely sufficient to defray present expenses.

If, in those *first* dark days, Mrs. Melbourne had bravely stood by her husband's side, affording him the comfort of sympathy, and assured him of her unalterable affection, he might have bid defiance to adverse fate, and, with renewed energy, retrieved his lost fortune, and emerged from the trial a better and nobler man; but she was timid and dependent by nature, and she shrank from trouble and drooped beneath its weight, thus adding an additional grief to Mr. Melbourne's gloom. The heavy loss sustained naturally altered the outward circumstances of the Melbourne family. They had to give up their former extravagant style of living, and retrench their expenses in many ways. Mr. Melbourne brooded over these things with morbid sensitiveness, and his disposition gradually grew embittered; he became harsh and overbearing to the wife of his youth, and tyrannical toward his children. He passed most of his time alone in the library, poring over musty tomes.

There were three children—Edith, Robert and Elsie Melbourne. Edith, the eldest, was only eighteen; a fair, gentle girl, quiet and unobtrusive. She led a pure life of unselfish devotion to others, and her example effected much good in the household. Her actions were ever based upon *duty*, and though yielding upon all other points where *conscience* was concerned, she was invariably firm. A casual observer might have deemed her tame and without character; but there was an under-current in her calm nature that a more highly wrought organization could never fathom nor appreciate.

Robert was a handsome, generous-hearted boy, with a high spirit, which he had learned to curb. He uncomplainingly bowed to his father's arbitrary will, not from a sense of duty or filial reverence, but from necessity.

Elsie was the youngest, and the pet of the whole family, with the exception of Mr. Melbourne. When a child she was called the "little beauty," and she now, as then, well merited the appellation. Her eyes were of that midnight hue which puzzles and bewilders the beholder. At one moment they would flash with anger and scornful defiance, and then grow soft and beautiful. Her complexion was a clear olive, deepening into vivid crimson in cheek and lips, and her dark hair fell in loose ringlets. She was impulsive and imperious at times, and could ill brook reprimand and control. Her passion, though easily aroused, was evanescent, and she was capable of making any sacrifice for those she loved. Mr. Melbourne was even more stern and exacting with her than with the rest, vainly endeavoring to bend the strong will which but too often clashed with his own.

Although devoted to her mother, Elsie almost worshipped her sister, who exercised a great amount of influence over her, regarding her as the embodiment of all that was lovely, pure and good.

The low windows of the pleasant sitting-room were thrown open a balmy spring evening, admitting the cool breeze, laden with the perfume of flowers blooming in their early beauty in the garden beneath. The apartment wore the aspect of constant occupation: books lay piled upon the centre-table, not with stiff regularity, as if placed there only for appearance, but in pleasant confusion, showing that they were used and appreciated; a writing-desk was beside them; a rosewood workbox, with a piece of embroidery half finished, occupied a chair, and a canary trilled soft lays from its gilded cage.

Reclining upon a sofa, surrounded by innumerable pillows and shawls, was Mrs. Melbourne. Her pale complexion, hollow cheeks and transparent hands all indicative of ill health. She had never been strong, and she now seemed to grow weaker daily. She seldom left her sofa; but suffering had not rendered her irritable, as is often the case with invalids. She was very patient, and her voice invariably gentle and uncomplaining.

Mrs. Melbourne was comparatively dead to the outer world; its pleasures and pursuits never affected her; her thoughts and hopes were centered in her family. For herself she had no aspirations, but she *was* ambitious for her children. She shuddered at the thought of their having, in the coming years, to be drilled in the system of petty economy she had experienced—the sad necessity of keeping up appearances on inadequate means—and almost incapable of physical or mental exertion, her dreamy reveries day after day merged into brilliant hopes for those she loved best on earth.

Edith Melbourne sat by her mother's side. She had just returned from a large dinner-party. Her dress of blue silk, with lace trimmings, became her delicate loveliness; her dark-brown hair was bound in shining braids around her well-shaped head, a white camelia its only ornament.

"I suppose you found it dull at Langhurst, Edith?" said Mrs. Melbourne. "These formal dinner-parties generally are; but still I am glad that Lady Dale overruled your inclination to decline the invitation. It was exceedingly kind and considerate in her to offer to chaperone you, knowing my incapacity for such an office. It grieves me to see you wasting your youth and bloom in this old country house, almost entirely excluded from the pleasures suited to a girl of your age."

"Dear mamma, you know that I am very happy here at home with you," replied Edith, in a caressing tone. "I confess I stood somewhat in awe of the Langhurst dinner-party, and dreaded meeting so many strangers; but Lady Dale considerably lessened my awe of it during our drive to the Park. I found it far more pleasant than I anticipated."

"Were there many guests?" asked Mrs. Melbourne.

"Yes, mamma; the proud old baronet, Sir Roland Howe, and his beautiful daughter, were present, the young Countess of Alan, and several literary celebrities. There were also many others with whom I had never met."

"Did you form any new acquaintances, Edith?"

"Only one, mamma—Lord Embury, who is spending a few days at Langhurst."

"Ah! Lord Embury, from London!" said Mrs. Melbourne, in a tone of interest. "Did he pay you any attention, Edith?"

Edith Melbourne's cheeks grew crimson. Perhaps she was thinking of looks and tones evincing deeper admiration than she would acknowledge even to herself.

"He took me in to dinner, and stood by me when I sang," she replied, in a low voice.

"And he must have admired your singing?" Mrs. Melbourne was very proud of her young daughter's musical talent.

"I chanced to know some of his favorite songs, and they seemed to please him."

"He is wealthy, of an old family, and has a title," said Mrs. Melbourne, in a musing tone. "Edith, for you to become the wife of such a man is my brightest dream."

"Dear mamma!"

Mrs. Melbourne read surprise in her daughter's soft, clear eyes.

"Do you think it an improbability? You need not blush and looked so distressed, Edith, dear."

"I am too young to think of such things, and I *never* wish to leave you, mamma," murmured Edith in faltering tones.

"So most girls say and think at first, my darling," and then wisely forbearing to pursue the subject further, spoke of some other topic.

The following morning, as Edith sat reading aloud to her mother, a servant entered, bearing a card. Mrs. Melbourne perceived Edith's start and blush, as she read it, and smiled.

"Lord Embury, mamma," said Edith slowly, but she did not move nor raise her eyes from the book open before her.

"Never mind the reading now, Edith; go down to the drawing-room, your toilette does not require any change; you look very nicely." And Edith Melbourne, in her fresh, morning-dress, was sufficiently attractive to please the most fastidious taste. Was it the remembrance of the last evening's conversation with her mother that caused Edith to linger before the mirror, smoothing, with one hand, her brown hair, and then with a thoughtful expression leave the apartment.

Mrs. Melbourne's eyes followed Edith's retreating figure.

"She is pretty and loveable," was her remark. "I may yet live to see my gentle little daughter Lady Embury."

After Lord Embury's departure, Edith returned to her mother. At this moment Elsie Melbourne, accompanied by her brother, entered the room. Elsie was in her riding-dress, the long skirt thrown over her arm, and the plume of the little hat, and her dark curls drooping upon her glowing cheeks.

"Such a glorious ride as we have had!" she exclaimed, animatedly. "By-the-way, Edith, who was that elegant looking gentleman that left as we rode up?"

"Lord Embury!" replied Mrs. Melbourne, a little proudly.

"A lord, a real live lord to see our Edith," exclaimed Elsie; "she has been 'out' only a few weeks and made so early a conquest!"

For the first time in her life Edith felt a longing to escape from her wild sister's playful raillery.

"Ah! when will *I* have done with masters and studies, and be allowed to attend balls and parties?" continued Elsie; "and also have a lord to see me; some day—"

"Elsie, how you rattle on," interrupted Mrs. Melbourne.

"Lord Embury, or any other lordship, could not display better taste than to admire Edith," said Robert in a tone of assurance.

Elsie came up to her sister's side, and putting her arms around her neck, looked into Edith's eyes with her own merry orbs:

"Lady Embury!" she whispered.

"No! no! Elsie, pray do not speak of such things. I scarcely know Lord Embury, and I am sure we will never be more than friends."

Instead of leaving for the continent, as he at first purposed, Lord Embury still lingered at Langhurst; he was frequently at Melbourne Manor; he rode, walked, and talked with Edith, and sent her new music and rare bouquets. It was a novel thing to this young girl, who ever placed others before herself to have such homage paid her, and it naturally pleased and flattered her.

"I must congratulate you, Edith," said Mrs. Melbourne to her daughter one day, as she entered her room from a walk.

"Congratulate *me*, mamma!"

"Yes, my darling; Lord Embury has proposed for your hand, and your father has referred him to you."

Edith knelt by her mother's side, and burying her face in the pillows burst into tears.

"What, Edith! not weeping? It is not every day that a girl of eighteen has a coronet laid at her feet. Do not tremble so; you will ever be my dearly loved daughter; you have always been a great comfort to us, but we must not be selfish. You cannot but be aware that Lord Embury is a most eligible match, a lover of which any girl may be proud—not that I would have you wed against your inclination, Edith, but a marriage based upon respect and esteem can scarcely fail to be productive of happiness; love matches do not always bring the happiness they promise.

Mrs. Melbourne sighed as she spoke, probably she was thinking of the blighted affection of her own life.

"I did not know that you were so willing to part with me, mamma," said Edith with a little sob.

"Neither am I," was the reply, "but I seek to promote your happiness, Edith."

"Mamma, do you wish this very, *very* much?"

"It is my dearest wish, Edith."

Then a silence of a few moments fell between the two, Mrs. Melbourne was the first to speak.

"Is my daughter to be Lady Embury?" she said gently.

And then Edith lifted her face for the first time; it was very white, and her trembling lips vainly essayed to smile—

"Yes, mamma."

From the moment she spoke those words, which nothing would tempt her to recall, life presented a different aspect to Edith Melbourne.

That morning Lord Embury called at the Manor to receive Edith's decision.

Outwardly calm and collected, she descended to the drawing-room; her color did not vary nor her hand tremble as she greeted him. With a fervor of which one would scarcely have deemed him capable, Lord Embury pleaded his cause. He was prepared for blushes and shyness, but *not* for the low, calm words she spoke.

"I am willing to give you my promise, Lord Embury," she said, "but I cannot consistently allow you to receive the impression that I love you; you have my sincere esteem, and that is all. I only yield to the wishes of my parent."

"Yours is a candid avowal," replied Lord Embury. "I am indeed unfortunate in being incapable of inspiring your love; I would not seek to win an unwilling bride. Edith, do you love another?"

"No," she replied, softly.

"Then, oh, Edith! I will *teach* you to love me; your happiness shall ever be my first thought."

Lord Embury took Edith's hand in his and placed upon her finger a brilliant diamond ring, and then pressed both hand and ring to his lips.

And this was Edith Melbourne's betrothal.

Edith did not wander off in the large garden, or shut herself up in her room to muse over this great era in her life. No, she felt that she must maintain her self-command, and being alone would only serve to open pent up floods of thought and feeling. She went up to the sitting-room; the cheerful sunlight fell upon the carpet, but its very brightness made her sick at heart. She took up a piece of embroidery in silence, and all the while the canary bird sang on its perch, and the burden of its strain seemed to be "fettered, fettered," and the gleam of the diamond on her finger whispered the same; it all appeared a dream.

Mrs. Melbourne perceived the ring upon her daughter's hand, but said nothing, although she could but dimly divine Edith's feelings, and felt mystified that she should be so unmoved and calm at such a momentous period, she rightly surmised that she could not now bear congratulations and endearments.

Throughout the day, seemingly the longest she had ever spent, Edith was like one in a trance. When spoken to she would start and turn pale, and only with a strong effort would recover her composure. But the hours wore away at last. She was in her own room, the door locked—all alone.

There are times, in the lives of *all*, when it is a relief and luxury to be *alone*, with no loving eyes to watch our every movement, and note every change of expression; feeling free to indulge in dreams of happiness without our abstraction being commented upon, or if we feel sad, not compelled to wear a mask of smiles, fearing to grieve tender hearts, whose sunshine is but the reflection of our own.

Edith unbound her long brown hair; her temples were throbbing so, it might ease the pain, and throwing on a cool wrapper, she seated herself by the low window, her elbow resting upon the sill and her head leaning upon her hand; *the* hand which wore the scintillating diamond, the symbol of her bondage; truly she could say—

"On my finger is a ring
Which I can see glittering,
When the night hides everything!"

There was no moon, but myriads of stars smiled down on her; they were friends who would not chide her if she was sad or be sorrowful if she wept. Oh far off little stars, upon that night you saw more of what was passing in Edith Melbourne's heart than any one on earth would ever know; if you had whispered it all how different her destiny might have been, but you kept your secret well, alas! too well!

What were Edith's thoughts and emotions? Even she could scarcely define them; she only felt that she had left her girlhood behind her, and was standing upon the threshold of womanhood, about to enter upon a new life. What would the great untried future bring forth? She instinctively shrank back from it with fear and dread; she asked herself why this was; she did not know that by the side of a *loved one* she could freely put her hand in his, and giving up *all others for his* sake, anticipate no evil in the time to come.

It cost her quite a struggle to sacrifice her beautiful dreams; for young and imaginative, she had woven many romances in regard to love, a love like that of Max and Thekla's, sufficiently strong and deep, to cause them to die for one another; she had painted a glorious ideal and pictured the happiness which was to be her portion; all that was over now; how well it was that she did not love another; she had heard of girls being forced to resign a lover by the wishes of parents, and to marry another; how dreadful that must be, although, certainly her mother, who sought only her happiness, would never have required such a sacrifice, it was in her power to gratify her mother's dearest wish, and by her marriage probably secure to her young sister many brilliant advantages; she was performing her duty, and that would bring its own reward in time. And the mother who had so influenced Edith in her decision, peacefully slept on, unconscious of her daughter's lonely vigils.

Edith was to be married the following autumn, and the summer passed away but too quickly. There was little outward change in Edith; she had ever been quiet and undemonstrative; day after day she sat in her mother's room sewing; always cheerful, ever thoughtful and considerate of others. She invariably met Lord Embury with a smile, and was always ready to walk, ride or sing to him when he desired it.

One day Edith was partially aroused from the dream in which she had allowed herself to be lulled.

"I suppose your paraphernalia is nearly completed?" said Ella May, Edith's most intimate and confidential friend, upon a call at the Manor.

Thereupon succeeded a discussion upon colors, the fitness of things, etcetera, which ended in Edith's proposing that Ella should accompany her to her boudoir and inspect the numerous trifles relative to her toilette.

"I think you may find Elsie in the parterre!" said Edith Melbourne to Harry Murrell, Ella May's handsome boyish cousin, who had been her escort.

What an array of beauty and richness greeted Ella's admiring gaze, as the two girls entered the boudoir; what a pleasant litter and confusion there was. Delicate laces, ribbons and gloves, were piled up in fancy boxes; elegant silks were thrown across chairs, and soft tinted shawls were lying upon the sofas. Mrs. Melbourne had resolved that no matter how far the rest of the family were compelled to retrench, Edith's bridal outfit should be in keeping with the position she was to occupy. At first Edith protested against such an outlay, but it was all in vain, and she really felt a girlish pleasure in being the possessor of such beautiful articles.

"Oh, Edith, how happy you must be!" exclaimed Ella in an excess of rapture.

"Jewels and velvets do not always contribute to one's happiness," replied Edith with a smile.

"But it must be a great pleasure to have them," replied Ella. "My wardrobe will be a small one. You know there is such a large family of us, that papa is compelled to limit the sum for each one. Ah! Edith, surrounded by gaiety and elegance, I fear you will learn to forget your childhood's friends, far away in a quiet country parsonage."

In a few months Ella was to become the wife of a young curate, whose noble, self-sacrificing character had won her heart.

"I can *never* cease to remember 'Auld Lang Syne,'" replied Edith, with tears in her gentle eyes.

"I hope to be very happy with Edgar, among his own people," continued Ella. "He is so good and wise, and will teach me to perform my duty. Oh! Edith, how truly blessed we are, the dream of our life is realized—to love and be loved."

Edith bent her head low over the casket of jewels which she held, and Ella May did not perceive how white she grew at the words which awakened memories she but vainly endeavored to smother.

In the meantime Harry Murrell had sought for and found Elsie Melbourne among the flowers, as fair and blooming as the roses she loved and tended. She wore a little garden hat, and her sweet voice kept time with the song of the birds in the shrubbery, as she endeavored to train a vine around a trellis work reared for its accommodation.

She greeted young Harry Murrell with a shy smile and a vivid blush.

"I will have to invoke your aid in behalf of my floral favorite," she said as the vine she held proving refractory, fell from her grasp, showering her with petals.

"I fear they will no longer present their former appearance now that Edith's taste will not direct and assist me," she continued, as she rubbed her pretty palm, which a thorn had penetrated; "I suppose you know that Edith is to be Lady Embury?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "I was a little surprised at first: I always imagined that your sister's ideal was very different."

"Oh, it was not Edith's doings; mamma was so pleased at the idea, and poor, dear Edith, who never thinks of self, could not bear to disappoint her; but of course she will be happy; who would not in *her* place? She will reside in London. I am to come out this winter, and hope to pass my first season with her."

"How many hearts you will break?" said Harry, in a half jesting tone; "how many win only to throw aside as worthless, when they no longer administer to your pleasure."

"Of course I anticipate a series of little triumphs," replied the girl laughingly. "It must be delightful to have dukes and lords at one's feet."

"And I, a struggling young barrister, will doubtless be numbered among the things that were, in your memory?"

Elsie laughed merrily. Although young, she was not destitute of a species of coquetry in her nature; she knew full well, without the telling, that Harry Murrell had loved her since they were children together; her heart had not yet acknowledged that she returned the love of the frank, handsome youth, and she availed herself of every opportunity of teasing and annoying him.

How tender and dreamy grew Harry Murrell's proud, dark eyes, as he gazed upon his companion; this was to him the dawn of "Love's young dream," and if this were dispelled, he felt that though he *might* dream *again*, no other could ever be half so sweet.

"I will soon enter upon a new existence," said Elsie; "the past may as well be buried in oblivion."

"And the recollections of those hours can be easily banished?" replied Harry.

"Certainly; the future now appears all *couleur de rose*."

Henry felt that his present mode of conversation would not be productive of the desired results; therefore he resorted to a stroke of diplomacy.

"By the way," he said, "my cousin Nellie Rivers is coming to Ashland to remain some weeks. I anticipate much pleasure during her visit."

This remark threw Elsie into anything but a pleasant frame of mind; she had often heard Harry speak of Miss Rivers, and knew that she was very beautiful; besides she had also heard that cousins were *dangerous*. A vision of this pretty rival arrayed in the daintiest of morning toilets, and the most becoming of evening costumes, arose befor her, and in imagination she beheld Harry looking upon her with admiring gaze; these thoughts were almost unbearable to the capricious little beauty.

When she bade Harry good-by, she suffered her little hand to lie in his for an instant, and then whispered—

"I do not think I will forget the past; and at the London parties I will always reserve a set for *you*."

After the departure of her guests, Edith wandered off in the deserted school-room. Ella May's remarks haunted her; she felt that she was about to take a solemn, irrevocable step. With a little sob, she laid her head down upon the familiar desk, where she had so often sat to con her lessons.

"How happy I was before this change came," she murmured. "Oh for one more year of the old school life!"

She felt that she must resign many things which had contributed to her girlhood's pleasure. She must leave the dear home circle, her loved home; who would attend her flowers as she had done? Would her canary miss her, and still sing on in its gilded cage? *Her* cage would also be gilded; would she pine in it, and long and flutter to be free? Oh, these sad forebodings, how they thronged around her! With an effort she banished them, and was her self once more.

CHAPTER II.

The wedding day had arrived. Edith Melbourne would soon become Lady Embury.

She stood in her apartment, before the tall mirror, while Ella May arranged the orange-wreath which confined the rich lace veil, and very lovely and bride-like she looked. Elsie stood by her sister's side, surveying her with tearful eyes; she felt that no one could supply Edith's place to her.

At length the preparations were complete, and Edith slowly drawing on her white gloves, went off to her mother's room, to spend the last few moments with her.

She found Mrs. Melbourne alone, reclining upon her sofa; her weak health prevented her going to the church, where the ceremony was to be performed. Edith knelt by her side, as she had done the day she gave her promise to accept Lord Embury, and silently laid her cheek against her mothers.

"My darling," said Mrs. Melbourne, as she smoothed, with tender lingering fingers, Edith's bright hair; "it is even harder to give you up than I imagined—but a bright destiny awaits you. You may carry with you the conviction that your good influence will be felt, although you are far away."

Edith had nerved herself for this crisis—she had resolved to be brave and cheerful, during this parting with her mother, but she had overestimated her strength; at the last moment her composure gave way.

"Mamma! mamma! how *can* I leave you all?"

There was such a heart-broken wail in Edith's voice, that Mrs. Melbourne shuddered; she had been indeed blind—and now for the first time, entertained a misgiving in regard to her daughter's happiness.

"Edith, my dearest," she said, "if I thought that my wishes had marred your happiness, my heart would break."

"Oh, mamma, you must not think that! I ought to be very thankful—but I cannot define my emotions."

"Edith, they are waiting for you," called out some one from without the door.

"Good-by, mamma, *dear* mamma," said Edith, as she covered her mother's face with kisses.

"You have my fervent blessing, Edith."

For one moment longer Edith knelt there, with her heart lifted in voiceless prayer; more than ever now she felt that she stood in need of saving help and grace; if the step she was about to take was an error, she did not know that it was such—and her heart was pure in the eyes of Omnipotence, so far as human hearts can be.

And so Edith became Lady Embury, and left Melbourne for the great metropolis.

The winter came and passed; it had been long and dreary to the inmates of Melbourne Manor, for the loved one who had brightened and smoothed everything by her presence, was far away. Even Mr. Melbourne acknowledged that he missed her greatly.

Lady Embury had paid only one visit home, but her letters were long and frequent. When the spring came on, and the London season commenced, Edith, at Lord Embury's instigation, (for his happpiness was only the more complete when he contributed to that of his gentle wife,) wrote to her parents, requesting that Elsie might be allowed to come up to London, for a visit. Trembling with hope and fear, Elsie awaited her father's decision. What if he should see fit to deny her this longed-for pleasure. How could she bear to see her air-castles crumble into dust?

Mrs. Melbourne was only less anxious upon the subject than Elsie; she was very proud of

her dark-eyed daughter, and knew that with her beauty and grace, she would create a sensation.

Mr. Melbourne replied to Edith's letter, and gave it to Elsie for her perusal. The invitation was politely, but firmly refused.

In a passion of anger and tears Elsie went to seek her mother, knowing that she never failed, in that quarter, to find sympathy if not comfort. Mrs. Melbourne soothed her petted daughter with a promise to intercede in her behalf.

Lady Embury was not easily reconciled to being deprived of her sister's society. In a few days there came an epistle from Lord Embury, earnestly entreating that Elsie should visit them. Now Mr. Melbourne was not insensible to the influence of wealth and rank; it would not be a small matter to refuse his lordship, without sufficient grounds, therefore poor Elsie was electrified by the welcome news that she was to go to London.

When Elsie found herself established in her sister's elegant city residence she thought that no one was ever so happy before. The first few days were passed in a round of shopping, and at length Elsie rejoiced in a wardrobe which she declared was sufficiently elegant for the Princess Royal.

"I have an invitation for you, Elsie," said Edith, one morning, as they lingered over a late breakfast.

"For me, Edith?"

"Yes, to attend a ball at Lady Clayton's."

"A ball! Oh, delightful! And am I to go?"

"Certainly," replied Lord Embury, pleased at Elsie's delight. "Edith and I are very proud to have it in our power to introduce such a bright star."

Elsie's blush was very pretty as she replied: "Thank you; but I fear you will be disappointed in my success as a debutant."

Edith looked at her beautiful sister with a tender smile. Any one who beheld Edith's peaceful countenance would divine that she was as happy as many who had married for deep love. Lord Embury was devoted to her; she had money at her command to put to good and charitable purposes, and her life's current flowed calmly on.

Elsie anticipated her first ball with childish eagerness. Very lovely she looked in her white silk, with its flounces of rich lace, and with diamonds gleaming among her curls and on her neck and arms.

"Edith!" she exclaimed to her sister, who stood beside her, "how can you be so calm when I am wild with ecstasy? I think I should be perfectly happy always to lead such a life."

"Dear Elsie, it requires something higher and better than these fleeting pleasures to insure our perfect happiness," said Edith, gently.

"You are so good and wise," Elsie said; "I can never hope to be like you."

Lord Embury handed the ladies to the carriage, and they were rapidly whirled away to the scene of gayety.

The Clayton ball was not different from others in fashionable life. There were myriads of flowers and lights, sweet music and throngs of guests, &c. At first Elsie was dazzled and abashed, but Lord Embury introduced many young fashionables to her, her card was soon filled, and she whirling away in the dance. Later in the evening, while promenading with the young and handsome Earl Murry, she chanced to encounter Harry Murrell. Elsie knew that he was spending some time in London, and the meeting gave her pleasure. Although she had no vacant set, she promenaded with him, and allowed him to wait upon her to supper, to the discomfiture of Earl Murry, who could not see why she should prefer the society of a young barrister to that of a scion of nobility.

How little we can read the heart of another. While Edith imagined that her sister's thoughts were occupied with visions of coronets laid at her feet, Elsie leaned silently back in the carriage, as it rolled homeward, dreaming of Harry Murrell's last look and smile, and the warm pressure of his hand.

Among many other frequent visitors at Lord Embury's was Mr. Murrell. Edith always welcomed him warmly, as an old friend of Elsie's, and was utterly unconscious of their mutual attachment.

Earl Murry had become Elsie's devotee. He eventually proposed, and he was *rejected*.

"Why did you refuse the Earl, Elsie?" said Edith to her sister, as they sat alone one evening.

"I did not love him, Edith."

"He is a noble man. If he perseveres I think he will eventually win your affection, dear," replied Edith, with a smile.

"Never, Edith."

"You do not love any other, Elsie?"

Elsie did not reply immediately; when she did so her voice trembled a little.

"Yes, Edith."

"And you have kept it a secret from me? Who has won my sister's heart?"

"Harry Murrell, Edith."

"Harry Murrell! Oh, Elsie, you cannot mean it. Papa will never consent."

"Because he is poor," rejoined Elsie, bitterly.

"Elsie, if it is only a fancy, pray give it up. What will papa and mamma say? You are not engaged to him?"

"I have given him my promise. You would not have me marry for wealth, Edith?"

"Oh, no, my darling," replied Edith, impulsively—(perhaps she was thinking of her own experience). My most fervent wish is that you may wed for pure love. I will write to papa, Elsie, (you know that it must not be kept from him even for a time), and tell him all."

"I suppose that is best," said Elsie, in a dreary, hopeless tone. "If papa should object what would I do? Were I forever parted from Harry I feel that I would die."

And Lady Embury, who had never felt the thrill of a deathless love, listened in awe to the passionate burst of sobs and tears which followed her sister's words; it was something in which *she* had no part.

Edith wrote immediately to Mr. Melbourne, pleading Elsie's cause. His reply was a summons for Elsie to return home. The following day she left London for Melbourne Manor, a very different being from the gay, light-hearted girl of a few weeks before.

Mr. Melbourne held an interview with Elsie in the library. He calmly informed her that, although he would not compel her to marry against her will, he would never consent to her wedding a struggling young barrister; that she must learn to forget the past; and then dismissed her.

Elsie resorted neither to entreaties nor tears. She remained perfectly silent; but when alone she passionately vowed: "I *will* think of him; I will never, *never* give him up."

Mrs. Melbourne, who was daily growing weaker, beheld her loved daughter's sorrow with an aching heart. Now that she was drawing so near the shores of eternity, the vanities of this world paled before the glory to be revealed, and she would willingly have given Elsie up to her lover, thereby knowing that she would secure her happiness.

But Mr. Melbourne remained obdurate; and when Harry Murrell came down to his uncle's, Mr. May's, for the summer, he was forbidden to visit Melbourne Manor.

The anxiety which Elsie had occasioned Lady Embury was quickly succeeded by a heavy affliction. Lord Embury was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and the physicians despaired of his life. Although an upright, conscientious man, he had never professed to be an earnest Christian. Edith daily read and talked with him, and her prayer was ever, "Teach him to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Her fervent prayer was granted. Lord Embury expired clinging to the cross, which promiseth a golden crown.

Although Edith had never loved her husband with a passionate devotion, his affection had awakened a responsive chord in her heart, and she truly mourned her loss.

Only a few days after Lord Embury had been laid in the ancestral vault, Edith received a telegram informing her that Mrs. Melbourne was dying. She only reached Melbourne Manor in time to receive her mother's last kiss.

Thus she was doubly bereaved.

Edith now felt that her *duty* lay at home; therefore she disposed of her city mansion and took up her residence at the Manor.

And now, for Edith Embury awaited a succession of trials more depressing. Mr. Melbourne grew more morose after his wife's death. Elsie settled down into a gloomy apathy, from which Edith vainly sought to arouse her, and Robert seemed discontended and unhappy.

With patient, trusting heart, Edith exerted herself to bear her own burden uncomplainingly, and to alleviate the sorrows of those she loved; but she feared much of her past influence was gone.

It was Mr. Melbourne's wish that his son should succeed to the Manor, redeem it from debt by years of industry, and pass his life a country squire, as he had done. But Robert longed for the active, exciting life of a soldier, and could not brook so tame an existence. Mr. Melbourne strongly opposed this inclination.

The long summer days crept slowly on, and Melbourne Manor still remained wrapped in gloom.

An unlooked-for event now occurred.

One morning, when Edith arose, she discovered a letter lying upon her dressing-table. It was from Elsie, and ran thus:

"I am going away, Edith, away from my dear home, away from you all, Edith. Perhaps you thought I was learning to *forget*, while my heart was breaking. I see no hope of my father's ever relenting, therefore I take the present step. I know that I am disobeying my father, but has he been to me so kind a parent, that I should sacrifice my life's happiness at the shrine of his pride? I went in and looked at you as you slept, and softly kissed you good-by. Oh! Edith, dear sister, think kindly of me, still love me. Harry and I will be married at once, and start for the North, where he intends to locate and pursue the practice of law. Bid Robert farewell, and ask papa to forgive me. ELSIE."

Edith was overwhelmed by the suddenness of the blow; she laid her head upon the table, moaning out,

"Oh, sister, little sister!"

After awhile she nerved herself to the task of informing her father. Mr. Melbourne received the tidings with outward composure. He requested Edith to hold no communication with Elsie, and that she should not again mention the subject to him.

"Oh! Elsie darling! is this the way in which you are to be shut out from our hearts and home?" said Edith when she found herself alone. "Our mother's youngest and best beloved, must you endure so hard a fate? Can the love of a husband make up for losing all this? I look down in my heart and can scarce find one atom of blame for my dark-eyed sister far away. I may be more lenient, because our mother loved you so."

After Elsie's departure, Robert avowed his intention of entering the army. Mr. Melbourne did not forbid his doing so, but informed him, if he once left Melbourne Manor, he should never enter its doors again. But this threat did not deter the strong-willed youth. A week later he started for Crimea.

Edith Embury felt that she was indeed desolate.

Timid and retiring by nature, she vainly endeavored to throw off the reserve which still hung between her father and herself. She contributed to his comfort in every way in her power, but he still remained cold and unloving.

A whole long month elapsed, and Edith anxiously awaited a letter from her sister. At length it came.

"My darling Edith,—Imagine me seated in the dearest little sanctum, with the sweet perfume from the many blossoming vines without the open window wafted in to me upon the breeze, and multitude of birds singing in the shrubbery for my benefit. Yes, here we are, settled down in a beautiful little cottage in ——shire. Harry succeeds very well in his business, and I am becoming a model housekeeper. To be sure yesterday I put a teacup of salt in the pudding instead of sugar, but Harry says every one makes some mistakes. Why have you not written to me? I suppose you are all trying to forget me because I have been so naughty a girl. If you do not reply to this, I will try to forget, even as I am forgotten. I received a few affectionate lines from Robert, saying that he was off for the Crimean war. The old home must now appear—

"Oh, Edith! Edith!

"I have called pride to my aid, and striven to appear happy and indifferent to the past, but I *cannot*. My tears are falling thick and fast; my temples throb, and my hands burn. Oh, could I only lean my head upon your breast, and have a long, good cry! Edith, dear sister, I am so young, only a child, Edith, and I am, I know, acting childishly, but I am so very homesick. I long to see you, to be in the old Manor-house once more. The fragrance of the flowers makes me crave for roses from my own little garden; and the song of the birds makes me think of your pet canary. Harry is devoted to me, but he is away all day, and sad thoughts will come. Edith, write me word that I may come home. Tell papa he must forgive and welcome me. Only say I may return, if only for one day, and I'll be myself once more. I cannot write for my tears. Good-by, Edith. Write immediately to your devoted sister ELSIE."

Edith felt that her sorrows were indeed heavy, her trials great. Her loved and petted sister was lonely and sad, and she was denied even affording her the comfort of a letter. Prayer was her unfailing resort in time of trouble, and her petition now was:

"Let Thy mighty hand lead us *all* in ways that we know not of, into the valleys of Thy comfort and peace."

Elsie's letter arrived at an opportune time. For some days Mr. Melbourne had been confined to his room, with a low, slow fever. Edith was constantly with him, and her presence seemed to soothe him. She now returned to his apartment, and found him sleeping. After awhile he opened his eyes and gazed around, saying:

"Elsie!"

Edith bent over her father; she thought that his mind was still wandering.

"It is I, dear papa."

"Oh, yes," he replied, in a sad tone. "I had forgotten! The past seems like a dream. Would that it were, that some portions could be blotted out. I would lead a different life."

Sickness had deeply humbled the heart of the proud man, who had lived solely for self.

Edith felt that she must take advantage of this present moment of softening.

"Papa," she said gently, "I received a letter from Elsie this morning. She again begs your forgiveness, and— Have you any message for her, papa?"

"Yes. I have been harsh and cold to those I should have most loved and cherished; but I will strive to make amends. Tell Elsie to come home, that I, her father, long to see her; and Robert, Edith, my poor boy, from whom we have received no tidings since he left us. He is in the midst of danger. Write to him also; assure him of my forgiveness, and that should he be spared, Melbourne Manor is still his home. Edith, *your* example has pointed out my errors."

Edith silently kissed her father, and went off to write two letters; one which was to carry gladness to a quiet little home in the North country, and the other to the brother far away upon the bloody battle-fields of Crimea.

In a few days, Elsie, again blooming and happy, was domiciled at the Manor for a long visit. Mr. Melbourne grew rapidly convalescent. His manner was now as kind and warm as it had formerly been cold and repellant.

The days wore on; Christmas was fast approaching. Mr. Melbourne had frequently expressed the wish that the once divided family should again meet in the old home upon that day. The Crimea campaign had drawn to a close. Numbers of brave and gallant soldiers were returning to their motherland, but still no tidings had been received from Robert Melbourne; none knew if he were numbered with the living or the dead.

It was Christmas Eve. The Manor drawing-room looked very bright and cheerful, with its drawn curtains and glowing fire. Mr. Melbourne occupied a large arm chair, and Edith sat on a cushion at his feet. Elsie, beautiful and sparkling as of yore, sat on an ottoman by her husband's side. Each one strove to appear cheerful, but in the heart of each was a thought of the missing link, the son and brother, who probably slept beneath the green sod of Crimea.

There was a pause in the conversation: suddenly there came a sound of a familiar step in the hall, the door opened, and Robert Melbourne stood before them.

The meeting between those "who were lost but are found," is too sacred to be lightly spoken of. Robert had received Edith's letter, when suffering from a severe wound; as soon as he was sufficiently strong to admit of travel, he had started for home. Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The family of the Manor attended church. Not a few wondered, at beholding Mr. Melbourne seated in the pew which he had not entered for long years, and many sympathizing hearts were gladdened by the sight of the once severed family kneeling in the house of prayer upon that day when "glad tidings of great joy" were sent to man.

Edith Embury's heart was lifted in thankful prayer. She had endured many trials, but they "had all worked for good," she had been the humble instrument of restoring harmony between those she loved, and her cup of joy was full.

And through the old church rang out "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THE COQUETTE.

You were sitting by the lattice,
So you hailed me passing by;
You who play the artful spider
Took me for the silly fly.

Once thy beauty would have held me—
Curls of jet, and lips so sweet;
But the golden chain is broken,
And I know thee, hollow cheat.

Vain thy soft words, vain thy oglings,
Vain each cunning, sharp device;
Love, like lightning, my gay madam,
Never hits the same mark twice.

J. B.

Music.

The effect produced by music on the heart is owing more to the simple fact of association than many imagine. It is true that in the composition of music, the composer imbues it with much of his own feelings while writing or improvising it; and for a person to listen to such music for the first time without being previously affected from any cause, he will be carried upon its tide very nearly as the composer's power at first directed; but I have known it in others, and have myself experienced a feeling of deep dejection while listening to music of a light and joyous character. This was in consequence of a former association of the same sounds with a former trouble. As much of music is taken from natural sounds, and even from sounds produced by inanimate things, a part of a strain of written music may have so nearly resembled such sound, heard before or since, for a time forgotten; heard before when the heart was so severely oppressed as to affect it at hearing it again with the same emotion, and from no other cause than of association.

OATHS UN-INTENDED.—Among the court files at Taunton, Mass., is the finding of a coroner's jury, drawn up, some thirty years ago, by a lawyer, which concludes "that the said —— came to his death by the visitation of the aforesaid God."

TWO HARD THINGS.—First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

Clasp me a little closer,
It is our last embrace;
Raise me a little higher
To meet thy drooping face,
O, love, to meet thy drooping face!

Murmur a little to me,
Thy lips to my faint ear;
Let thy broken words of love
Be the last that I shall hear,
O, love, the last that I shall hear!

Lying thus on thy bosom,
Death will but come as sleep;
Over my quiet spirit
The shades will softly creep,
O, love, the shades will softly creep!

As babe to its sweet night-sleep
Goes from its mother's breast,
My soul shall float from thy arms
To its long, dreamless rest,
O, love, to its long, dreamless rest!

The day dies out in the West,
The past fades with the day;
The future trembles in sight,
The present may not stay,
O, love, the present may not stay!

Thus, seal with thy mouth my lips,
With thy lips close my eyes;
I pass from thy longing sight
Into the far-off skies,
O, love, into the far-off skies!

What I Dreamt on New Year's Eve.

Dear me, dear me! Another year is gone, and I am not married!

This time last year I made a vow to do all in my power to obtain a husband—I have kept my vow, I *have* done all in my power to enter the matrimonial state, but I have failed.

In vain have I worn new dresses, loves of bonnets and hats, becoming veils, tight gloves, and tighter boots—in vain have I purchased a chignon, a coronet, and a pair of flowing curls—in vain have I spent hours and hours on my toilet: my money and my time have been thrown away—365 days have come and gone, and I am still single!

What *shall* I do? What plan is likely to be successful?

There is no time to be lost, for I am not so young as I once was—I'm nearly thirty-five! But that fact is not generally known; I flatter myself I don't look more than twenty-nine or thirty, at the most—that is to say, when I have taken pains with myself. There is a saying, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," but I don't believe in it—it's all nonsense. Oh, dear! I'm getting sleepy; but I don't intend to go to sleep until I have fixed upon some new plan for inducing the men to propose; I must keep awake for the present—yes—for—

What's that noise? Where am I going? Who is carrying me through the frosty air? How cold it is. How bright the moon and stars are! I am in a gloomy room—a bed, hung with black, is in the corner; I am placed in a chair by the bedside, the curtains are undrawn, and a very old man is disclosed to my view; his long white hair streams over the pillow, there is no color in his wrinkled face, his breath is feeble,—the old man is dying! He is looking at me with an expression of scorn, and a satirical smile is on his lips.

"What! not married yet?" he says. "Still single? Still on your preferment? I am the Old Year; when I was born, 365 days ago, you made a vow that, ere the time came for me to die, you would no longer be living in single-blessedness; one hour alone remains of my life, and your vow is unfulfilled. How is this? Are you quite sure you have tried every means in your power to obtain a husband?

I endeavor to speak, but my tongue refuses to obey my desire; I cannot stir—my strength is gone.

The Old Year laughs mockingly. "What! no answer? No excuse? Well, well, I must call in those who will speak for you, and tell you the true reasons for your repeated matrimonial failures. "Winter! Father Winter!"

A rush of cold air fills the room, and snow-flakes fall thick and fast, as a hale old man appears at the foot of the bed; he is clad in a glittering white garment, a chaplet of holly and mistletoe is on his hoary head, and icicles are intermingled with his beard.

"Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion of this lady?" says the Old Year, pointing his finger at me. "Why did she not obtain a husband during your reign over the earth?"

Without a moment's pause a shrill voice exclaims, "Because she bestowed all her time and attention on her *outward* appearance, in total forgetfulness of *inward* worth," and the hoary-headed man has disappeared as quickly as he came, the snow-flakes cease to fall, and the air is no longer cold. Again a mocking laugh issues from the lips of the occupant of the bed, and again he calls aloud:

"Spring! come hither, thou beautiful, but treacherous maiden."

A piercing wind passes through the room, followed by a cloud of dust, and then a lovely girl glides before me, arrayed in a bright green robe adorned with clusters of violets and snowdrops; traces of tears are on her cheeks, but smiles play round her mouth; in her hand is a spray of hawthorn, and a girdle, resembling a rainbow in colors, encircles her waist.

"This lady has arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, and, in spite of her anxiety to become a wife, she is still single," observes the Old Year, with a malicious glance at me. "Can you give her any advice on the subject, lovely maiden?—any hints respecting her future behaviour?"

"It does not always answer to hang out false colors," is the ready reply. "Deceit, vanity, and frivolity are not the most attractive qualities in the world, neither are they calculated to produce happiness in the state matrimonial," and, with a graceful inclination of her head, the beautiful girl retreats; the wind blows no longer, and the cloud of dust is dispersed.

"Worse and worse," murmurs the Old Year. "Small wonder is it that you have been unable to keep your vow—but I must not delay. Summer, art thou near?"

A blaze of sunlight almost dazzles me; the heat is intense; I feel faint and sick, but I cannot move nor speak.

A lady, in the meridian of life, is standing by the bedside; her dress is a celestial blue, adorned with festoons of the gayest flowers, which fill the air with their sweet perfume; her golden hair falls about her like a veil, and is occasionally the resting-place for some of the numerous butterflies which hover around.

"Fair dame, what obstacles beset the path of this aspirant to matrimony?" demands my tormentor, in a tone of mock solemnity. "The chief object of her life is to change her name, but 'nobody comes to woo.' Surely hers is a hard fate?"

"A hard fate?" repeated the lady, "say rather, a just recompense, a natural consequence. Who would be foolish enough to choose a gaudy, flaunting, artificial flower, in preference to a blushing rose or modest lily? Is not the smallest real pearl of greater value than the largest false diamond? Who would desire to wed a wife whose attractions were owing to the arts of a skillful toilet, and who considered fashion and personal appearance of more importance than aught beside? *Real* beauty is only 'skin deep;' what, then, shall be said of that which is feigned? I have done. Fare-ye-well!" and the lady and the sunshine are gone in a moment.

"There is but one more witness against you," says the Departing Year in a feebler voice—"only one more; my minutes are numbered, my breath is failing fast. Autumn, come quickly, or it will be—too late."

I hear a rustling sound, dead leaves are falling on every side, and in the midst is a middle-aged man, attired in a suit of reddish-brown, and holding a basket of the choicest fruit in his hand.

"Tell me," gasps the Expiring Year, "why the hand of—of this lady—was not sought in—in marriage—during your lifetime. Quick! I shall soon—be gone—soon—soon!"

"There are many men in the world who care little or nothing for beauty," is the immediate answer, "and who would gladly wed a wife of plain and unprepossessing appearance, if she were honest, true-hearted, amiable, and loving; there are also many men who would be foolish enough to select a bride on account of her outward charms; but there are few—very few who would knowingly bestow their name on one whose chief desire and aim were to appear what she was not, and who was eager to become a wife, not from any feeling of love or hopes of domestic happiness, but for the mere sake of being called 'a married woman.'"

"True, too true," gasps the poor Old Year, again fixing his glazing eyes on mine; and as he speaks, he endeavors to lift his hand to his forehead, where the death damps are gathering fast. "You hear—what they have said—my faithful Seasons. Take my—dying advice. Cast off all deceit—cultivate your heart—instead of your—person. You have tried the one plan—and it—has failed; try the other. Who can tell what—the result may be? And now farewell—the end is at hand—ere another minute is—past—my successor will be born. Fare—well! fare—well!"

The trembling accents suddenly cease; the loud striking of a clock falls on my ear; the death chamber of the Old Year fades away, and I awake.

I start up in bed; I am bewildered, and half frightened; I almost expect to see the black-draperied bed and the dying old man. Hark! the clock is really striking; how solemn it sounds! I glance eagerly at my watch, and perceive that the Old Year is gone—gone for ever! The new year is begun!

What a strange dream I have had! what a vivid impression it has left on my mind! I wonder if I have been to blame, after all?—if my conduct has really been despicable and foolish?

I have a great mind to alter my behaviour for this one year, and then, if the different method should not succeed, I must think of something else; at any rate, it is worth a trial. I will try—yes, I *will!*

* * * * *

It is New Year's Eve once more!

I am sitting by the fire, waiting for my husband—yes, my *husband!*

For I am no longer "on my preferment;" I have been married these six months, and I never was so really happy in all my life. And all my happiness is owing to the extraordinary dream which I had this time last year. I shall always believe in dreams for the future, and advise other people to do the same.

It was a very great trial to me, at first, to assume another character—or rather, to give up assuming a *wrong* character. It required a vast amount of determination to bid adieu to my juvenile attire, my false hair, my box of rouge, and "such like things;" but I was resolved to persevere, and my perseverance has met with an ample reward. I have now a happy home of my own, servants and carriages at my command; and last, but not least, I have a kind and loving husband, whom I consider as near perfection as it is possible for any one to be.

A. C. W.

Cold Weather.

It is quite uncommon to find a church in Europe which is heated at all, during the most inclement winter; and, indeed, in our own country, it is only within the last fifty or sixty years that fire in places of worship was ever dreamed of. In Bayard Taylor's book of "Northern Travel," he speaks of a Sunday in Lapland in the depth of winter—one of its coldest days. But the church he attended was not warmed, and the pastor informed him that he had frequently preached in a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. "At such times," said he, "the very words seemed to freeze as they issued from my lips." Mr. T. remarked that our souls are controlled to such a degree by the condition of our bodies, that he should doubt whether any true devotional spirit could exist at such a time; and he ventured to ask if even religion itself might not be frozen? "Yes," answered the pastor, "there is no doubt that all the better feelings either disappear or become very faint when the mercury begins to freeze."

A WITTY PARSON.—A Scotch clergyman by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great humor. On one occasion, a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon, as ministers pretend, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without the slightest preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and gave for a text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

LAW AND LAWYERS.—The best government is that in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer.

Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

One of the grand events of the season here was the Assembly Ball, which took place on Wednesday evening. The gentlemen, officers, and others, who are not able to return the numerous invitations they receive, either from their not being at housekeeping or from living in houses too small for the exigencies of Washington society, formed themselves into a club, raised a subscription, and gave this entertainment to their friends.

There is unfortunately no very fine hall here for the purpose. The best that could be found was Marini's Dancing Hall, which, with some adjoining rooms, was hired and fitted up for the purpose. Nine hundred invitations were issued, and I presume nearly every one who was asked accepted, as, at ten o'clock on the ball night, a dense stream of carriages began to block that portion of the wide Avenue.

On entering, we ladies were shown first into a dressing-room, which had been completely refurnished and decorated for the occasion. Passing from this into a reception-room, we found coffee and chocolate for those who required some stimulant to begin the evening. Then going up stairs, we were in the spacious ball-room. It was most beautifully decorated, the walls hung with flags, till Stella wondered "Where did they get them all?"

Across one end a raised dais was covered with choice greenhouse plants, the front of the gallery was entirely wreathed with evergreens, and from every chandelier hung a basket of flowers. The band was magnificent, the floor splendid. There was only one fault to be found, and that was, that it was scarcely light enough. This Washington gas is very poor stuff, and although every burner was turned up to its utmost capacity, there was not that brilliancy of light there should be to do justice to the dresses and complexions at a ball.

Mrs. Williams, the bride, (Mrs. Douglas) looked very lovely in a lilac silk, trimmed with violet, and with natural violets and a tea rose in her hair.

Mrs. Boyer's blonde beauty was admirably set off by a white tulle dress over white silk, and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. King wore a dove-colored silk cut square, her hair powdered, and diamond ornaments, so that she looked like some picture of a gay French marquise.

Mrs. Sprague was handsome as ever in a pink moire antique, trimmed with tulle of the same color.

Distinguished men were, as everywhere here, in the greatest abundance, and many of them mingled in the mazy dance, laying aside their usual gravity of manner. Gen. Fry, with his frank face and brilliant eyes had a smile and gay word for every one. Gen. McKean took his part valiantly in the Lancers. His wife is noted as one of the best dancers here, and in a lavender silk, with her golden hair and light figure, looked exceedingly well.

Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman also appeared on one occasion dancing in the same quadrille. Think of that! and of having these two warriors manœuvering in the ladies chain instead of on a battle-field, and going at a "double quick" through the "promenade all!"

After a time came the refreshing summons to supper. And such a supper! All sorts of substantials, as well as all sorts of ices and confectionery, wine in abundance, champagne flying, and the large room gayly decorated with flags, a scene of immense jollity and gayety.

When this was over all returned to the ball-room, and the dancing was resumed with renewed energy. The German lasting until five o'clock, the floor managers and some of the gents remaining to breakfast at six. I asked one of the gentlemen how he felt the next day?

"Oh, I don't know," said he, "I did not have any next day."

So, utterly tired out with pleasure, the revellers at last went home from the gayest ball of the season.

The receptions the next night were but scantily attended, but by Friday everybody was out again. And the last reception at the Secretary of the Navy's was very crowded. There was dancing there for the first time this season; and it was a brilliant affair.

The Tuesday evening reception at the White House was the most crowded one I have yet attended. It was a very fine night, good walking under foot and brilliant starlight overhead, so that it was very comfortable to walk to it; and crowds of people were streaming into the wide entrance for two or three hours.

In the cloak-room the jam was tremendous; it was only after much patient waiting that Stella and I succeeded in disposing of our wrappings and obtaining a check for them. Then we had to form in line with other ladies and move slowly on to meet our attendant cavaliers.

Thus slowly progressing, I looked about me, noticing the various styles of dress in the motley throng. Some ladies were there being *dicollette* in full ball costume—and how the tulle and tarletan suffered in the press! Some in high-necked and long-sleeved dresses—ranging in style from gorgeous silks of light shades flowing away in ample folds, to plain, well-worn black frocks that had evidently done duty for many a year.

One sober-looking pair of dames who had doubtless come with the intention of seeing the White House and the President at all costs, were evidently much embarrassed by the gay throng around them. They were arrayed in plain brown cashmeres, with linen collars, and seemed vainly trying to behave as if they were perfectly at home in such scenes.

"Don't hook my arm," whispered one to the other; "don't you see none of the other folks does."

In the throng of men, there was an individual to match, a person in the rough dress of a common soldier; however, he held his ground firmly, and I have no doubt was honored with a kindly shake of the hand from the ladies, as well as the President.

As we gradually approached the door of the dressing-room, we could see the long line of gentlemen looking eagerly for their companions. By the way, how very ugly men are compared to women! There was such a contrast between the row of soft, fair, flower-decked, female faces, on our side, and the coarse, brown, bearded male visages confronting them. I think men ought to be very thankful that women are ever good enough to care anything about them!

Fifteen minutes we were passing from the dressing-room to the reception-room, and in this the highest and lowest had to fare alike. I saw Senator Harris's tall form moving slowly in with the rest, and Speaker Colfax's pleasant face appearing and disappearing in the winding throng.

Finally we reached the blue room. The President was just inside the door, bowing and shaking hands very graciously; though to tell you the truth, I did not like his gloves, which were *brown cotton*.

Mrs. Patterson wore a heavy black velvet, made low-necked and short-sleeved, with white tulle under-waist. Mrs. Stone, a rich, dead black silk. They were both as kind and gracious as ever, though I should think it must be wearying work to stand shaking hands with an endless throng for three hours.

In the big east room there was a great crowd moving about to the strains of the fine band. And in different parts of the room dignitaries of various ranks were holding small courts. On one side, Secretary McCulloch was dispensing gracious smiles, on another, Secretary Stanton, less cordial in manner, was holding a more solemn court.

Major Gen. Logan was there, a tall, fine-looking man. Gen. Meigs, with handsome white beard. Count Romero, the Mexican minister, a small, dark man of very foreign appearance.

So we moved about admiring the handsome dresses and gazing at the celebrities, till the thinning of the crowd and the disappearance of the band warned us that it was time to go home.

Brief Summary of 1865.

The editor of the London Telegraph, in his leading article, rapidly reviews the most important happenings of the world, during the past year, thus: "At home, the oldest and most trusted of English politicians has expired; and a new Parliament has been chosen by the people to carry on the business of the State. Across the Atlantic, *the greatest civil war of modern times has been brought to a close*; and, if its termination was signalized by the most atrocious assassination recorded in history, the memory of an individual's crime has almost been effaced by the *unparalleled splendor of a whole nation's clemency*. Our survey shows us France still swayed by the indomitable will and fertile brain of one man; Italy advancing, by slow, but certain, steps, toward her right position among the nations of the earth; Austria seeking a reconciliation with the most important constituent of her strangely mingled empire; Germany still troubled and perturbed by the restless ambition of a military power; Denmark bearing a sore misfortune with a noble dignity; Belgium deprived of its venerable king, but faithful to its liberal institutions; and Russia herself at length marching onward in the path of progress. On every side the retrospect is full of interest and instruction."

BEST VARIETIES OF FOWLS.—The Scottish Farmer gives the following estimates as to the value of several varieties of fowls:

For chickens for the table—Nothing like the Dorkings.

For size of egg—Nothing equal to the Spanish; but they do not lay very regularly.

For number of eggs—Nothing like the Hamburgs, but the size of egg is small compared to the Spanish. The Hamburgs lay about eleven months in the year, and never sit.

For eggs during very hard frost and snow—there are nothing like Brahmas. Hard weather does not seem to affect them, and they always look well and "saucy-like," let the cold be ever so severe.

AN ECCENTRIC PRAYER.—The late Rev. Samuel Fiske once prayed in the pulpit that "the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and those who were at home getting ready to come; and that, in His infinite patience, He would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that." By this eccentric method the clergyman succeeded in breaking up a bad habit which had resisted all legitimate appeals.

☞ A Chicago paper says, that if those who are in possession of the Lincoln medallion, sold for the benefit of the late Northwestern Sanitary Fair, will examine it closely, they will discover that by a strange coincidence, a line made by an accidental crack in the die marks the exact course of the bullet which deprived the President of his life.

☞ Physical spiritual manifestations have broken out in Erie, Pennsylvania. The appearance of a supernatural arm, and other wonderful phenomena every night is creating an excitement there. Not to be behind-hand, the Philadelphia spirits proved restive during Saturday night and Sunday morning, and frightened sundry of the good people residing in the lower section of this city. Several looking-glasses were demolished, probably because the spirits discovered that they were not "good-looking" when they came to inspect their toilets before the unfortunate but truth-telling mirrors.

☞ Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg's sermon at the funeral of the late Robert B. Minturn, Esq., is the shortest on record, though several are recorded with as few words. He read the words of the Prophet Micah:—"He hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And then added, "So did he."

☞ English servants have turned the tables on masters and mistresses. In the Times, a house-maid advertising for a place, announces that "Irish and Scotch families are objected to."

☞ The widows of India have adopted the plan of marrying again, instead of showing the warmth of their affection for their dead husbands, by burning themselves on a wood-pile.

☞ One day Freddie's little sister Carrie, hearing her mother talk about a name for a new little baby brother that had been given to them a short time before, said: "Mamma, why don't you name him Hallowed? It says in my prayer 'Hallowed be thy name,' and I think it is a pretty name, too."

☞ Mr. Jackson, of Northumberland, N. H., lost five children by diphtheria within ten days, in January. Four were lying dead in the house at one time.

☞ A fellow who escaped from an Ohio jail five years ago, recently returned and asked to serve out his term. Reason, he had married since his escape.

☞ Jno. C. Jewell, of Sanbornton, N. H., drowned himself in sight of his father's house a few days ago. He was a young man twenty-one years old, of unblemished character and promising intellect, but had got discouraged in trying to gain an education by his own efforts.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

HUMDRUM;

in the sense of, a tedious, tiresome, drawling, prosy person. The word hum, is applied to bees, and to any similar sound, that of waters &c. "*Hem! hae rom.*" I must take time to consider of it, don't expect me to act at once. Hem, here is the same word as our interjection *hem!* or *hum*. We say "humm'd and haa'ed about it; in the sense of, he took time to consider; he doubted; he hesitated, &c. The word drum, has also another meaning beside that of the action of beating a drum, to make a joyful sound, &c. It implies also to emit *humming*, droning, sullen, murmuring sound or noise. Hence *humdrum*.

SAVE YOUR BACON.

Johnson tells us that this phrase is borrowed from the care of housewives in the country, where they have seldom any other provision in the house than dried bacon, to secure it from the marching soldiers. This from a mind of the keenest sagacity and of gigantic power, would be deemed authority enough, but it is traced, if we mistake not, to a foreign language, the phrase of which means "He owes his relief from some great danger purely to chance.

"*Hijso hevd is b'hack aen;*

"What frightens you thus, my good son," says the priest;

"You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest."

"Oh, father! my sorrow will scarce *save my bacon;*

For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken." *Prior.*

CABBAGE.

In the slang dictionary, the word kabage means to steal—hence its application to tailors. This is the only proper origin of the phrase.

BAKER'S DOZEN, THIRTEEN.

A baker's dozen was formerly called the devil's dozen, and it was the number who sat down at a table in the pretended Sabbath of the witches. Hence arose the idea of ill luck, which is still popularly connected with it.

ACCORDING TO GUNTER.

This expression is derived from the name of the celebrated English mathematician, Edward Gunter, who was born in 1581. It originated from the fact, that as all his inventions were based upon the strictest principles of mathematics, to say, "According to Gunter," was to imply that it was to do a thing on the square, and upon the strictest principles of equity and justice.

Gunter was the author of several important works, and made several practical inventions, the chief of which is known as Gunter's Line, a logarithmic line, usually laid down upon scales, sectors, &c. It is also called the *line of lines* and line of numbers, being only the logarithms graduated upon a rule, which therefore serves to solve problems instrumentally in the same manner as logarithms do arithmetically. His other inventions were, Gunter's quadrant, and Gunter's scale. This last is generally called by seamen *the Gunter*, and it is probably from this more especially that the name is derived.

KISSES.

"Kiss, is to touch gently, and with a slight action of the lips; generally, to touch gently, mildly, blandly." *Richardson.*

Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than, perhaps, even our fair readers are aware. Eight diversities are mentioned in the Scriptures, viz:—the kisses of salutation, Sam. xx, 41; valediction, Ruth i, 9; reconciliation, II Sam. xiv, 33; subjection, Psalm ii, 52; approbation, Prov. ii, 12; adoration, Luke vii, 38; treachery, Matt. xxvi, 49; affection, Gen. xxix, 13.

COCKNEY,

Derived from the Greek word *oikogenes*, one born in the family—one born and brought up at home. A great deal to little purpose has been written about this word. Skinner thinks it is derived from the French word—*Accoquiner*, to wax as lazy, become as idle, grow as slothful as a beggar, &c.

Others, again, trace it to the word "*coccio*," meaning beggars, who by their cries, tears, and similar impostures extorted alms. It appears from some old statutes made against vagabonds, &c., that the acts ascribed to the *coccio* were practised by a class of men called *cogmen*, who navigated a kind of a small ship called "Cogs" (cogones), common upon the coast of Yorkshire. These men were shrewd and cunning, and by false pretences succeeded in exacting both money and kindness from strangers.

Some have even traced it to the word "coax," or, as Gifford says, "*Acokes*," meaning a simpleton, a noddy, an easy gull," &c. *Acokes* is one who has been *coaxed*, or who is easily coaxed, or gulled, or deluded. [*See Gifford's Ben Jonson, iii*, 428, *and vi*, 401.]

MY CAKE'S ALL DOUGH.

This phrase is taken from the German, "*Eli! 'his siche my keke was d'hous'er gum;*"

"I wish my cake was dough again," is a well known expression attributed to those whose fate in marriage has not corresponded with their anticipations.

KNOCK UNDER.

According to Johnson, the origin of this saying arose from a custom they had in times of conviviality and argument, of knocking under the table, as the familiar sign of submission, which was called "the knock under," i. e., yielding to superiority either in drinking or argument.

AN EYE SORE.

This term, has rather an obscure origin, that it is something so offensive to sight as to pain it—is evident; hence—sore eye would not convey the proper meaning. Kerr, in his Nursery Rhymes, says: "I take it to be a sound sense of *een hye so er*," q. e., by this a vexation takes place; by the object, subject, in question, a vexatious, disgusting feeling arises within us, &c., &c.

"Fy! doff this habit; shame to your estate,
An *eye sore* to our common festival."
Shak.

A BONE TO PICK.

Johnson says, it is a metaphor from a dog who readily swallows meat that has no bones. Kerr, in his Nursery Rhymes, (a work as full of obscurity, as an egg is of meat) says, "*Er bij hone*, too pick; q. e., in this case it is to be mutual favoring; pique, grudge, spite, laid aside, &c." *To make no bones*, to fall to fighting, without ceremony, &c. "*To be upon the bones*," to be provoked to begin an attack, a quarrel, &c. We think the more modern phrase *to go it on the muscle*, is far more appropriate.

☞ The St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger says—"Our local butter market shows the dull season, and quotations are of little account. Small sales were made, yesterday, at prices ranging from twenty five to thirty-two cents." Send your surplus butter to Philadelphia, where the article now ranges from fifty five to seventy-five and eighty cents per pound, if you want good prices.

On the morning of the execution of Corbett and Fleming, in Chicago, a man entered the office of the Traveller's Insurance company and took out a policy for two of his friends for insurance against accident for 24 hours, paid the 20 cents premium, and the two murderers were insured for $300 each. The question is, can he recover?

A FRENCH CHEMIST has invented, for summer use, a fuel of this description: Ground charcoal, four parts; starch, one part; made into paste balls, which are dried. When kindled, they will burn without flame or smoke a long time with intense heat. A four-ounce cake will boil one gallon of water, it is said.

To Restore Gray Hair, Stop its Falling,

MAKE IT GROW ON BALD HEADS, &c., USE

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color	Does Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color	not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color	Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color	or soil Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Any- Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color	thing. Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities, it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. Irritation, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
dec9-eowtf

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Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
feb3-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

THE PAIN KILLER,

So justly celebrated, was introduced to the public several years ago, and now enjoys a popularity unequalled by any other medicine. For the cure of Diptheria, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatism, Coughs and Colds, Scalds, Burns, etc., it is without an equal. Sold by all the principal druggists.—*Daily Plaindealer, Cleveland, Ohio.*
feb10-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The philosophy of health. *Asthma, Bronchitis and affections of the chest.* Disease is frequently the effect of circumstances, neglect, exposure, want of precaution being among its most active causes—trifles, light in themselves, often lead to the most distressing results. Colds and coughs for example, are sometimes unnoticed until they settle on the lungs, and consumption is the consequence; the same is applicable to asthma, bronchitis and diseases of the respiratory organs. Holloway's Pills and Ointment should be used on the first symptoms of colds and coughs—the Ointment well rubbed into the regions of the throat and chest will give freedom to the breathing and nip in the bud all tendency to inflammation; while the pills will fortify the system against the rigors and inclemencies of the season.
Sold by all Druggists.

NO REMEDY IN THE WORLD ever came into such universal use, or has so fully won the confidence of mankind, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
feb10-2t

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of 2000 bbls Flour northwest extra family at $8@9; 200 bbls Penna do do at $8,50@0, and 100 bbls choice Indiana at $11,12½. Rye Flour, 500 bbls sold at $4,75.

GRAIN—Sales of 10,000 bus Wheat at $2@2,15 for fair and choice red; $1,60@1,90 for inferior, and $2,25@2,57 for common Penna and good Michigan white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 85c. Corn—20,000 bus yellow sold at 74c, including some white at 79c. Oats—12,000 bus Penna and Delaware sold at 45c

PROVISIONS—The market is firm, but the sales are in small lots only, at $31@32,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@25c ₩ lb for Bacon Hams; 18½@19½c ₩ lb for Pickled do; and $12,25@12,50 ₩ hundred pounds for Dressed Hogs. Lard—Sales of 300 tirces at 17½@18½c, and kegs at 19c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 29@33c, and Roll at 30@37c. Cheese—Sales of New York at 20@21c, and English Dairy at 21c. Eggs we quote at 32@35c.

COTTON—350 bales Middlings sold at 46@46½c, for cash, and low Middlings at 42@44c.

BARK—Sales of 26 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $32,50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales 1000 lbs yellow at 46@47c ₩ lb.

COFFEE—Sales 200 bags Rio are reported at 25½@29½c, currency.

FEATHERS are steady at 72@80c.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $3,50 to $6 ₩ bbl; dried do. from 7c to 13½c for old and new. Dried Peaches are dull at 12@13c for unpared quarters, and 16@18c for halves. Cranberries range from $8 to $15 ₩ bbl, as in quality.

HOPS—New Eastern and Western sell in a small way at 60@70c, and old at 30@40c.

IRON—Pig Metal is more inquired after, with sales of 5000 tons Glendon Gray Forge at $47, and 500 tons Anthracite at $48@50 for Nos 2 and 1.

OILS—Petroleum—Sales comprise 5000 bbls crude at 30@31c; 4000 bbls refined, in bond, at 49@51c; and free at 70@74c.

RICE—Sales at 9½@9¾c for Rangoon, and 12½@13c for Carolina.

SEEDS—Cloverseed comes forward slowly; sales 3000 bus fair to choice lots at $7,25@8,12½, and common at $5,50@6,75. 18.0 bus Timothy sold at $4@4,50. Flaxseed declined to $3,05

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,50@2,75. Whiskey is dull at $2,24@2,28 for Penna and Ohio.

SUGAR—600 hhds Cuba sold at 11½@13½c currency.

TALLOW—Country sells at 12½@12½c, and city at 13c.

WOOL—Sales 140,000 lbs medium fleece at 60@76c, and fine at 68@77½c, including some of extra quality at 80c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 15½@18½c ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $40 to $85 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY:

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Yelding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

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BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

LARGE PROFITS can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St., Boston. jan20-6t

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 00, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-2t

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID F. WEATHERBY to Miss AMANDA STEVENS, both of this city.

On the 28th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JACOB KULP to Miss LOUISA KITTS, both of this city.

On the 29th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN M. CONARD to Miss ARABELLA A. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. JACOB NORBECK to AMANDA MYERS, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, at the Continental Hotel, by the Rev. A. D. White, Mr. GEORGE T. ROSE to Miss MARY P. RUSSELL, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. D. Menige, Mr. JOSIAH H. STINGER to Miss ALMIRA LUTZ, both of this city.

On the 5th of March, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. THOMAS HANCOCK, of this city, to TILLIE E. MANLEY, daughter of Robt. Manley, Esq., of Philipsburg, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, JAMES TOWNSEND, in his 24th year.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM R. SMITH, aged 58 years.

On the 4th instant, ISABELLA W., wife of Joseph Maitland, in her 31st year.

On the 4th instant, JOHN ENGLISH, in his 42d year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY CRANSTON, aged 58 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BLACK, in her 73d year.

On the 3d instant, JAMES FULTON, in his 36th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE BROWN, in her 35th year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM H. MORRIS, in his 29th year.

On the 2d instant, ARNAND LAFORE, in his 58th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complain and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.
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A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
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jan20-eowdm. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

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feb10-4t

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The FEBRUARY number of this beautiful magazine opens with a touching steel engraving, entitled "News from the War,"

"The women weep as the children play;"

a very expressive engraving indeed, and which will, we fear, touch the source of tears in many a sorrowful heart. The large colored Double Steel Fashion Plate for this number is as usual refined and elegant; the distinguishing traits of the Fashion Plates of the Lady's Friend. Then there are the usual number of engravings devoted to the Fashions, &c., as will be seen by the following

LIST OF CONTENTS.

STEEL PLATE—IN TIME OF WAR.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Elsie Radner—Evening Toilette—Electra Bodice (front and back view)—Embroidery in Buttonhole-Stitch—Children's Fashions—Crochet Imitation of Guipure Lace.
MUSIC—"I Near Thee."
ELISE RADNER. By S. ANNIE FROST.
THE AURORA BOREALIS. By DAISY DE VERE.
LOVE FOLGER. By AUGUST BELL.
FLOWERS OR THORNS. By * * *.
WHERE HAS THE CHARM FLED. By SYBIL PARK.
THE HIDDEN BRIDAL GIFT. By AUNT ALICE.
POETRY.
INDIAN SUMMER. By T. J. CHAMBERS.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDON.
A WISH. By IDA MASON.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
QUESTIONS. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. By HARRIS BYRNE.
THE WOUNDED HERO. By HARRIS EVANS.
DYING. By EMILIE LESTER LEON.
NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for this year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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WANTED.—A crippled and helpless soldier wants every person to buy from him, four new and valuable articles, for the preservation and promotion of health, comfort, and enjoyment. Old and young need some of them every day of their life. Only *fifty cents* (in new currency.) I served two terms in the army; have two honorable discharges. Was robbed of all my money (several hundred dollars.) Have an aged and infirm mother to support; am crippled, and helpless, for life. And those who will be kind enough to patronize me, shall have, (to say the least,) more real value and satisfaction for their money than they ever have got, or ever will get, from any other source. Reader, please send me your order, I will try and make myself worthy of your kindness. I need your patronage very much, and would be most humbly grateful to you for it. As to the truth of my statement, &c., I refer you to a number of gentlemen of this place who know all about me and my circumstances; they are all as good men as can be found anywhere. Address, BENJAMIN MURPHEY, Shirleysburg, P. O., Huntingdon county, Pa.

References—Rev. S. E. Collins, John Luty, P. M., Rev. P. L. Suine, Dr. Robert Baird, Hon. Geo. Leas, Capt. Joel Thomkins, Dr. W. P. McKnite, Lieut. Wm. Spangle, J. H. Lightner, J. P., Sargt. S. P. Staub, H. Hertzler & Bro., Dr. J. G. Long, U. S. A. Surgeon. feb10-2t

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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 1669, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

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Both Sparkling and Still.

Read the following testimonials in favor of Deacon's Rhubarb Wine:

From the time of the ancient Patriarchs the article of Wine has always been used either as an article of diet or medicine, and the Scriptures never discountenanced its use where it was not used in excess. Wine has been produced, not only from grapes, but also from other varieties of the vegetable kingdom. Thus much as an Introductory to the subject. Wine, both Sparkling and Still, has been produced by Mr. Jos. L. Deacon from the esculent Victoria Rhubarb or Pie Plant, of most exquisite flavor, and will vie with a like production, whether of Grape or other berries. It not only is pleasant to the taste but in a sanitary point of view, imparts its life-giving effects to the aged, infirm, or to any one whose system has been prostrated by disease, and I therefore freely endorse all that has been said of its virtues.

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Mount Holly, N. J.

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Mount Holly, N. J.

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Deacon's American Champagne has been tried by Mr. Berry, Sixth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia, and others, and it is said to be equal to Heidsieck Wine.

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Persons living near large cities, by manufacturing this medicinal, pleasant and wholesome Wine, and delicious jellies and candies, and sell them, will not only be benefactors, but make all the money they want, by so doing.

Every family that has land enough to grow roots, ought to have some of the invaluable Victoria Rhubarb roots, because, very soon, they would pay double the cost, and they can be purchased in large or small numbers, of the subscriber. For particulars

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feb3-2teow

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Sorrows of a Lecturer.

For the benefit of a numerous class of ambitious men who aspire to become popular lecturers, I send you a few items of my experience. I went to Southern Illinois to get started as a lecturer. I told my hotel-keeper it was my first effort in the lecture line; that I did not care for money, if I could only get started. I was unfortunate on that occasion, either in my subject or my audience. My subject was, "The urgent necessity for the immediate revival and thorough re-organization of the Know-Nothing party." My audience were all Irish. I got started.

Being advertised by the *nom-de-plume* of the "Fat Contributor," my audience is sometimes disappointed in the size of the lecturer. Such was the case in a town I visited in Minnesota, last summer. My audience was small, owing to the public being suddenly and severely indisposed—indisposed to come to the lecture. My audience, in fact, consisted of one people. He was a gentleman. I began my discourse, "Gentlemen and ladies," but changed quickly to "Respected sir!" But before I could proceed any further, my audience arose indignantly to his feet, as one man.

I inquired the cause of the interruption.

"Sir," he said, "the audience is disappointed in the size of the lecturer."

"Well, my dear sir," said I, "the lecturer is disappointed in the size of the audience, and if you will not say anything about size, I won't."

He allowed me to proceed, and at the conclusion was so well pleased that he urged me to stay another night, when he promised me a much larger audience. He could not come himself, but would send his wife, who weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds. I didn't stay.

I have had a good deal of money in my houses at one time and another—generally in the pockets of some wealthy man in the audience. I always come home with money, however; I borrow some to come home with.

I have had some large houses. The largest house I had was at Louisville, Kentucky. That house must have been two hundred feet long, ninety feet wide, while in height it came pretty high—took all the receipts to pay rent. A Louisville editor said a good thing about me. He said, "The 'Fat Contributor' lectured last night to a small house. His style resembles Artemus Ward's, but he has not got the ease and grace of Artemus before an audience." As though a lecturer could be at his ease before an audience when the audience would not pay expenses. As grace accompanies meat, and there wasn't profit enough in the house to buy meat, where's your grace?

He said, in conclusion, that I would improve with practice, if I had capital enough to continue the practice. And in the face of the acknowledged fact that I had a capital lecture.

The fullest house I have had was at Pithole City, in the oil regions. Every man who came was full of beer. The lecture went off well, notwithstanding. It didn't go off so well as my doorkeeper did—he went off with the receipts.

I gave two consecutive lectures at Oil City. At the conclusion of the second lecture, one of the first citizens (the second citizen had not yet arrived) arose and assured me that I had delighted them greatly. He said they hadn't enjoyed themselves so much since the Thayers were hung. He added that it was the request of the audience *en masse* altogether, that I should stay another night. The landlord of the inn where I was stopping, arose somewhat hastily, and stated that I couldn't stay another night with him, unless my bill was secured. Such is sometimes the encouragement that genius receives at the hands of the mercenary.

A little town on the Alleghany turned out well. The principal occupation of the inhabitants was to haul oil. That being the only hall they had, I lectured in a grocery. The people turned out in the most unexpected manner. They turned out the lights—then they turned out the lecturer—because he wasn't fat enough. They gave me twenty minutes to leave town. I told them if they'd make it twenty dollars I'd go.

At the termination of the twenty minutes I felt something come against me very rapidly from behind. My first impression was that it was an old-fashioned leather valise. Subsequent reflection has convinced me that it was a boot. I shook hands with them all with much feeling. I told them they must excuse me, for I felt that I had to go! Leaving somewhat hastily, I caught the sound of cherub voices in that grocery, singing, in tones of the most pathetic inquiry,—

"Shall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thy winning voice again?"

I yelled back they wouldn't—not if I could help it. "That winning voice" didn't seem to win in that neighborhood.

A friend advised me to go twice to the same place. He said, although I might only make expenses the first time, the next time it would be different. It was, to be sure; I only paid expenses the first time, but yet the second time I didn't. I have tried agents. They proved unsatisfactory with one exception. He never asked for money. He never alluded to money but once. Said he to me, one day,—

"You don't care for money, do you?"

"No, indeed," said I.

"I thought not," said he; "I never saw you have a cent."

I humor him in those harmless light flights of wit. You may hear from me again.

Thinely, PHAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Couldn't Gum Him.

When the telegraph was first put in operation between Portland and Boston, a countryman drove a flock of turkeys to the former place for a market, but not finding so good a sale as he anticipated, he inquired of some bystanders their price in Boston. Some wag of a fellow advised him to step into the telegraph office. Jonathan entered and put the all-important question to the operator, who immediately telegraphed to Boston, and in a few minutes received an answer to his inquiry, and informed his customer. Jonathan looked at the operator with a sly wink, and exclaimed—

"You can't gum it over me."

He was about leaving the office, when the operator told him that there were nine shillings to pay. Jonathan bristled up and burst forth in a rage—

"You can't gum it over me. That darned old tick-box of yourn hain't been out of this room since I've been here."

The operator, finding that he had caught a greenhorn, let him off on the easiest possible terms.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

JEANNE (evidently saying to himself).—"Well, I'm precious glad I ain't President!"

THE WIFE IN A BAG.

A LESSON FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

Involved in gloomy thoughts, a swain
Was sauntering o'er a sun-bright plain;
False delicacy had made his mind,
For earthly blessings too refined:
He thought himself foredoomed to know
Disgust in all things here below,
And chief among the woes of life
He felt, or thought he felt, his wife;
Her faults, 'twere hard to say or sing;
But still she was not quite the thing:
Would fate permit to choose again?
Oh! double grief, wish is in vain.
"Not so," quoth Jove, in accents soft,
And bore the murmurer aloft,
"There see those bags—now suit your wishes,
They hold not wind, as erst Ulysses,
But women, sir, besides they show
The qualities of all below;
Now stand out there a mere beholder,
But lift them freely to your shoulder,
That which most commodious fits,
And to your back the nearest sits,
Will sure contain the maid, who best
Of all the earth can make you blest."
He bowed—the pleasing task begun,
And weighed them careful one by one,
This was too heavy—that too light—
And none were yet exactly right,
And snug and easy. But at length
He finds one suited to his strength;
He shoulders it—"I've got it, Jove!
It fits me neater than a glove;
In weight exact too—not a hair
Deficient—no! nor one to spare;
Grant me, great king! but such a wife,
And I'm completely blest for life."
"'Tis yours," said Jove—"Unrip the binding,
And let us see the lucky finding."
'Twas done—and wonderful to show,
Out popped his own dear wife below!

MORALE.

Shame burn thy cheeks, preposterous elf,
Who made thee wretched but thyself?
Know henceforth this, a truthful adage,
The fault's in thee and not thy baggage!

Matrimonial Advice.

Our young women are cautioned against marrying dissipated young men; but with equal, if not greater, propriety, may not young men be cautioned against marrying idle and extravagant young women, for a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter as well as of the former. Foolish mothers think they act affectionately by indulging their daughters in their fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allowing them to contract habits of indolence, not dreaming that they are thereby unfitted for the stern realities of life which must surely await them. Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition. Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AGRICULTURAL SPECIALTIES.

Agriculture has its specialties, hobbies if you please, as varied, more frequent, and taking in all the pursuits usually classed under the general head of agriculture, ten times more absurd in very many instances, than the specialties of any other calling, avocation or science under heaven.

First it is *Morus Multicaulis*, then sugar beet, Italian spring wheat, potato rot, fowls of every class and kind, from Shanghae to Bantam, till poultry became a pest, publicly, and fowl fanciers run mad with foul fancies. Then came the Lawton Blackberry and Albany Seedling Strawberry mania, Italian Bees, dwarf pears, and of late we have the Merino sheep and seedling grape hobbies, ridden so determinedly, each by their champions, who are running their specialties a neck-and-neck race, claiming each such marvellous merits for their pets, that if we are to trust one thousandth part of all the out-cry, public and private, we are on the verge of that glorious era in which the possessor of a single high-bred, fine wooled Merino, has a mutton *Kohinore*, and one may ride an Iona grape vine right into Paradise on earth.

Now the sheep are all well enough, for all we know to the contrary. And the grape vines too. But where the utility of all this public hurrah? If for the public benefit, let every one of us who help to constitute that public, see its merits in that light, that we may all individually and collectively hurrah with the hobbieists as well.

In the matter of the vine hobby—we say let enthusiasts and speculators ride their grape specialties to death if they choose, and let us, every one, hallos them on in the race. The sooner they are out of sight and gone the better, we shall the sooner come at grape truths that are always needed, and will be until we have the United States a vine growing, and wine producing country, equal to—possibly before—any other in the world.

There is a great deal yet to be learned in regard to vine culture, and in our country all the information in any wise reliable, must be obtained by experimenting with the vine here, on our own soil, in our own warm climate. Vine culture that would be orthodox in Europe, will rarely avail us here.

We have been sent a printed preventive of grape rot and new system of culture by Dr. H. Schroder, of Bloomington, Ill., from which we should judge that Dr. H. Schroder, whatever else he may be, is a good deal further advanced in grape culture than he is in English grammar. As however there is practical common sense and sound philosophy in Dr. Schroder's treatment of the vine, as well as having the indorsement of scientific and practical vineyardists, we give that portion of his "essay" which describes his new method of culture, claiming for it the virtue of being a preventive against rot. But, begging the doctor's pardon, we must, in reprinting, correct a few errors of his syntax and prosody, lest our readers laugh at us, and condemn the grape story.

Preventive of Grape Rot.

BY DR. H. SCHRODER.

After preparing the vineyards, plant with good strong layers or first-rate cutting plants, from eight to twelve feet apart, in a square, in the usual manner. When the vines come in bearing—say the third or fourth year after planting—take one strong cane of the bearing vine, raised for the purpose close to the root of the vine, make a ditch with the hoe, from four to six inches deep in the row, to the centre between the two bearing vines. [Lay the cane along the trench and cover, we suppose—"*Cosmo.*"] Let the end of the cane rise one foot above the ground, at which length cut it off. This I call the *first reverse*. From this buried cane permit three vines to grow—two for fruiting the following season, and should be cut long to give a good supply of fruit. The third cane is for the *second reverse*. In the spring cut the first reverse loose from the parent vine, or permit the mother to bear a crop or two first, if you choose. Then cut it away to make room for the second and third *reverses*.

Let us go back now to the second *reverse*. Lay it across the rows up to the centre in the manner above described, cutting the cane a foot above the ground, as before. Thus we have two rows of vines. Again permit three canes to grow from the second—two for fruit and one for the third *reverse*, which is made by layering the cane of the second tier, and treating in the same manner as the preceding ones. The fourth reverse is made by taking the canes in the second year of bearing from the first reverse, after clearing out the original vine to make room, laying this reverse in its place. Thus one third of the vines will be removed every year, making room for other *reverses* going on till "the day of judgment." [And piling up a bill for grape-root grubbing about equal to our national debt, we should guess.—*Cosmo.*]

You will have in this way, with little labor and no doctoring, always a new and vigorous vineyard, paying in wine and superior fruit liberally for your labor. It may be that in some of the slower growing sorts, other than Catawba or Concord, you can only make the reverse once in two years. But good healthy vines, in good soil, will bear reversing every year.

This treatment is intended mainly for the Catawba and other valuable varieties inclined to rot. When any variety proves free from disease, grow it as long as you can profitably without a *reverse;* but with me *the finest fruit always grows on young vines.* A gentleman assures me to-day that it is the same with peaches in the southern part of our State.

I hope every one having a Catawba, or any other vine-bearing fruit inclined to rot, will give my new system a fair trial and report the result publicly. Anything not plainly understood I will explain with great pleasure on application. My object is to benefit my fellow-men by teaching them how to save good varieties of grapes from disease, and to help the often-discouraged hard-working man; and if this, my new discovery, shall benefit them, I am content.

Bloomington, Illinois.

THE CATTLE EPIDEMIC.

The plague still rages without abatement in England. Where the end will be no one can predict—possibly with the end of the last horned animal in the *Queendom.* The latest reports represent the disease as every where increasing. The number of new cases reported for the week ending December 16th was 5,355, an increase of 1,428 over the week previous. Thus far no remedy cures, or precautions check, its fatal march. Our only safety lies in holding the cattle plague as far away as England herself, if we can. Non-intercourse for cattle should be our policy with *all* European countries.

GRAIN FUEL.

At first we would not believe it when we read of their burning corn for fuel out on the western prairies. But we are obliged to surrender our unbelief. An old friend, sitting toasting himself by our stove, says just now:

"Ah, I have kept two as nice fires as this going in my house out there in Illinois, ever since cold weather set in last fall, by burning *corn on the cob.* A good many of us have raised corn for fuel the past season. It is cheaper than coal, and makes just as good a fire. A ton of coal costs in my neighborhood about $15, a ton of corn is worth $5 50 to $6, and three tons of corn is equal in duration to two of coal. Besides, while the coal ashes and cinders are useless, the ashes from three tons of corn are worth $4 to us."

Well—what new wonder next?

RECEIPTS.

Original.

QUEEN CAKE.

One quart of flour, one pint of sugar, half-pound of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one nutmeg, a little cinnamon, one pound of currants, one of raisins, and five eggs.

CRULLERS.

One pint of milk, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in water, one teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; use as much flour as will make a good dough, flour a cake board, and roll out the cake about half an inch thick; cut them according to fancy, and fry in hot fat.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Take two quarts of good buckwheat flour, and in the same amount of sweet milk dissolve two teaspoonsfulls and a half of soda and salt equally mixed. Then add to the flour one pint of good yeast, and mix all the ingredients together and beat the batter about ten minutes to make it rise well. Let it stand ten or eleven hours, and bake in moderately hot buttered griddles, and as quickly as possible. Send to the table smoking hot, and serve with honey or golden syrup.

FOR PAINS IN THE EAR OR DEAFNESS.

Get worms out of the ground and put them in a vial, and cork it tight and put it in water, and let the water boil, then take it out and take one drop and put it in the ear.

FOR CORNS.

Soak the feet in warm water, pare the corns close, and then apply a very little white dyachyon salve, spread thin upon a piece of cloth.

Selected.

VEAL BROTH.—Break a knuckle of veal into two or three parts, lay it, as directed, in the soup pot, with a lump of butter and one pint of cold water; lay in with the knuckle, a bunch of thyme and two or three celery heads; let this heat well and simmer for half an hour; then pour on two gallons of water, cover it tightly and let it simmer slowly for four hours; then strain it through the cullender, pour the broth again into the pot, and skim it thoroughly free from fat; then wash a teacup full of rice well, put it into the broth, slice two carrots rather thinly, and add to the broth, with a teaspoonful of salt and a very little cayenne; let this simmer slowly for half an hour; chop up parsley and put into the tureen, and pour the broth on it in dishing. The knuckle is very nice sent to table with slices of lemon for a garnish, and nice drawn butter, with chopped parsley.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take about three pounds of a neck or scrag of mutton, wash it well, lay it in a stew-pan and cover it well with cold water. When the water becomes milk warm, pour it off; then lay the meat in the "digester," or soup pot; pour on this five quarts of water, one teaspoonful of salt and two onions peeled and cut up; set this on a moderate fire to simmer slowly for three hours; then strain it through a cullender; cut up three or four potatoes, and the same of turnips, and put into the broth; let this simmer for half an hour, removing all the fat; chop up some parsley and put into the tureen—on this pour the broth. The neck is very nice sent to table with parsley and finely minced celery put into the drawn butter and poured over the mutton.

GRAVY SOUP.—Cut half a pound of nice fat ham into thin slices, and lay them at the bottom of a stew-pan or soup pot; on these place three pounds of beef and two pounds of veal; break the bones and lay them on the meat. Peel and slice two onions, two turnips and two carrots, and cut up two heads of celery, a blade of mace, four cloves and a teaspoonful of salt. Set the pot on a hot place, and cover it tightly. As soon as the ham begins to brown, pour into the pot about one gallon of hot water. As soon as it begins to boil, remove all the scum and pour in a pint of cold water, which causes the scum to rise—and continue to skim well until done, which will be in about four hours and a half, slow cooking. Strain this through a hair sieve. This is the basis of all soups and gravies. Bottle and keep it for use. This makes a fine vegetable soup. Boil peas, potatoes, and whatever vegetables used, then mash them and add a quart of the above "stock," and one quart of hot water; let it simmer about fifteen minutes, and then serve hot.

Among the latest vulgar abuses of language is that of the French word *canard* instead of the English word *hoax.* We now read regularly that the story, say, of General Jackboots having surprised a party of contrabands, and massacred them, is a "canard." Hoax would be English, and, therefore, is not used.

DON'T.—Thackeray has said all about ill-assorted unions that any one can say. "If any old gentleman of my acquaintance," quoth he, "contemplates marrying a young woman, all I have to say to him is—Don't."

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 2, 13, 1, 1, 30, 24, 16, 11, is a cape on the eastern shore of the United States.
My 6, 5, 15, 10, 11, is a river in Asia.
My 21, 6, 19, 9, 13, 2, is an Oasis in the Great Desert.
My 17, 16, 8, 7, 29, 3, 24, is one of the German States.
My 16, 18, 28, 31, 6, 14, 6, 18, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 11, 12, 2, 22, 20, 25, 14, 16, is a mountain in the United States.
My 23, 7, 12, 7, 26, 6, is a volcano in South America.
My 4, 9, 21, 28, 27, is a river in Africa.
My whole is the sentiments of every true Union man. P. C. Y.

Achor Col. Co., Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first has never been found out.
My second is the fate of man.
My third and last is a lady's name.
Now guess me if *you can.*

R. H. WALTER.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in honey, but not in comb.
My 2nd is in wander, but not in roam.
My 3rd is in spent, but not in cost.
My 4th is in care, but not in lost.
My 5th is in young, but not in old.
My 6th is in shepherd, but not in fold.
My 7th is in near, but not in far.
My 8th is in battle, but not in war.
My 9th is in pen, but not in ink.
My 10th is in soar, but not in sink.
My 11th is in spy, but not in friend.
My 12th is in go, but not in send.
My 13th is in iron, but not in steel.
My 14th is in wagon, but not in wheel.
My 15th is in seen, but not in star.
My 16th is in daub, but not in mar.
My 17th is in ceiling, but not in wall.
My 18th is in come, but not in call.
My whole is a firm well known to all.

Alleghany City. MAUD.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in bonnet, but not in hat.
My second's in mouse, but not in rat.
My third is in winter, but not in cold.
My fourth is in buying, but not in sold.
My fifth is in enter, but not in come.
My sixth is in hearthstone, but not in home.
My seventh is in carriage, but not in chaise.
And my whole is with us for months and days.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An animal.
An exclamation of pain.
A kind of coffee.
A part of the human body.
A kind of nut.
A female ruler's title.
My initials and finals form two boys' names.

S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If two balls commence rolling from the extremity of the diameter of a circle at the same instant, one on the diameter at the rate of 4 rods a minute, the other on the circumference at a speed that will always be equal to 4 times the cube root of the distance passed over. What is the circumference of the circle when they meet at the other end of the diameter.

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

James Rice, Dan. Tucker and Samuel Jenkins purchased a grindstone 3 feet in diameter, and paid the sum of $8.33½; for which James Rice pays $1.16½, Dan. Tucker 2-5 of its cost, and Samuel Jenkins the remainder. James Rice is to grind his proportion first; Dan. Tucker next; and Samuel Jenkins last. How much of the diameter ought each to grind down, the waste hole through which the spindle passes being 5 inches square. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why has a short woman no relations? Ans.—Because it is impossible for her to be*long* to any family.

☞ Why is flirtation like plate powder? Ans.—Because it brightens up spoons.

☞ What is the most indigestible supper you can eat? Ans.—To bolt the street-door the last thing before you go to bed.

☞ When may two people be said to be half-witted? Ans.—When they have an understanding between them.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Horace Maynard. ENIGMA—Skate. (Kate—Ate, Goddess of Mischief—Tea.) CHARADE—Independence. (Inn—dee—pendense.)

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM of Dec. 31st, 1864—10,45 rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Walter Siverly's PROBLEM of July 1st, 1865—859.2+ square rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Dec. 30th—length of piece 6 34-12 yards. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM of Dec. 30th—6¾ and 11.546. J. M. Greenwood.